HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

No. 8 DEC.-JAN.

10¢

# MAD

## SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

# E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

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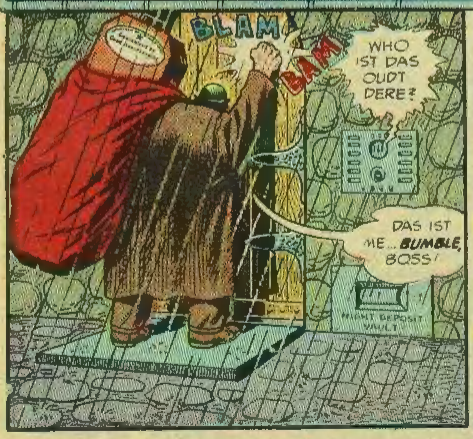
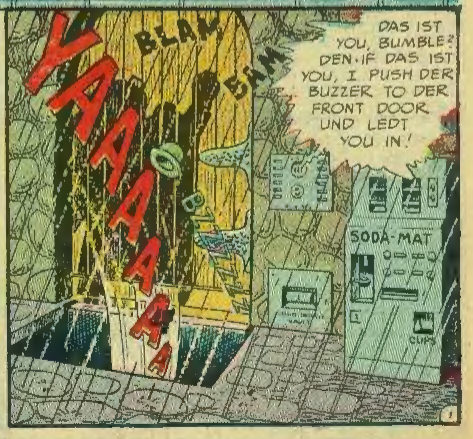
TERROR DEPT.: THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!...BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN...KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

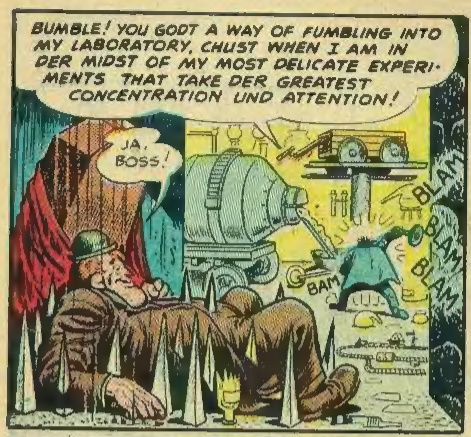
# FRANK N. STEIN!

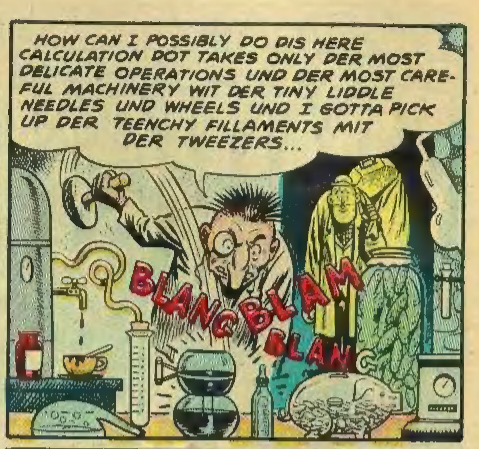
BILL ELDER

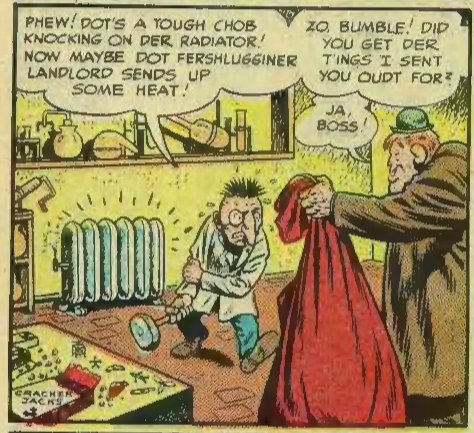
TURN NEXT CIRCLE FOR HOWARD JOHNSON'S

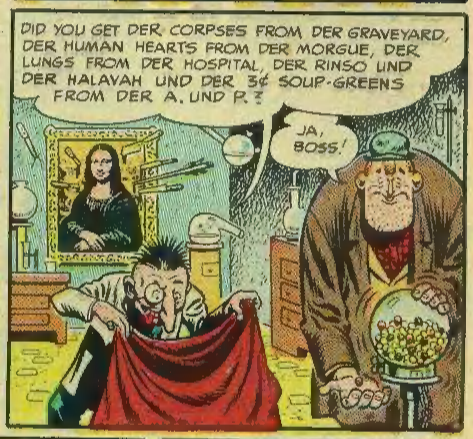



BUMBLE! YOU GODT A WAY OF FUMBLING INTO MY LABORATORY, CHUST WHEN I AM IN DER MIDST OF MY MOST DELICATE EXPERIMENTS THAT TAKE DER GREATEST CONCENTRATION UND ATTENTION!
JA, BOSS!
BAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM


HOW CAN I POSSIBLY DO DIS HERE CALCULATION DOT TAKES ONLY DER MOST DELICATE OPERATIONS UND DER MOST CAREFUL MACHINERY WIT DER TINY LIDDLE NEEDLES UND WHEELS UND I GOTTA PICK UP DER TEENCHY FILLAMENTS MIT DER TWEEZERS...
BLANG
BLAM
BLANG


PHEW! DOT'S A TOUGH CHOB KNOCKING ON DER RADIATOR! NOW MAYBE DOT FERSHLUGGINER LANDLORD SENDS UP SOME HEAT!
ZO, BUMBLE! DID YOU GET DER TINGS I SENT YOU OUDT FOR?
JA, BOSS!
CRACKER JACKS


DID YOU GET DER CORPSES FROM DER GRAVEYARD, DER HUMAN HEARTS FROM DER MORGUE, DER LUNGS FROM DER HOSPITAL, DER RINSO UND DER HALAVAH UND DER 3¢ SOUP-GREENS FROM DER A. UND P.?
JA, BOSS!

GUTE!... GUTE GUTE! UND DESE CORPSES! DID YOU MAKE SURE DEY WAS NICE UND FRESH?
JA, BOSS!

'JA, BOSS! JA, BOSS!' ALL DER TIME YOU 'SS SAYING, 'JA BOSS!' RAUSE MITT DER 'JA, BOSS', HEY VILL YOU?
JA, BOSS!
DAS IST BETTER! ... DID YOU BRING ME DER CHANGE?
JA, BOSS!
SMEK
SMEK
SMEK

SCHVIENHUNT! YOU FORGOT DER DEPOSIT ON DER EMPTY BOTTLES FROM DER BLOOD PLAZMA!
... NOW! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME MIDT DER EXPERIMENTS!
SNIP!
ACID
2

UND **NOW**...VE OPERATE! VE GOT TO MAKE EFFRYTING VERY SANITARY!

BUT BOSS! DAT'S WHERE I DUG UP DA BODIES FROM...THE **SANITARY!**

PUMPKOFF! DAS IST **SEMETARY**, NOT **SANITARY**!

**SANITARY** IS THE FIRST NAME OF THAT GUY WHO COMES ON CHRISTMAS! ... **SANITARY** CLAUSE!

BUTTS

UND NOW DOT VE GOT DER HANDS CLEANED... DER FACE WASHED... DER STOCKINGS CHANGED... DER SHOES ON, AND DER NOSE BLOWED... WE GO... **INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WHERE WE HAVE... DER MACHINE!**

BUY

SHULTZ'S MEAT MARKET

...**ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WORKING TO CREATE LIFE... TO TAKE DIFFERENT PORTIONS OF DEAD BODIES... PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND MAKE A NEW SUPERHUMAN BODY THAT LIVES... AND WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT MACHINE... WITH THIS FANTASTIC MACHINE I CAN DO IT! WITH THIS PHENOMENAL MACHINE I CAN PUT THE PORTIONS TOGETHER!**

CES

SOME FANTASTIC MACHINE, HA, BOY?

I GOT LITTLE ATTACHMENTS WITH THIS MACHINE! I CAN MAKE BUTTONHOLES... MONOGRAMS... PLENTY THINGS, BOY!

WHIRRRRR

LA-TA TEE-DA

STINKER

UND NOW TO GIVE IT DER HAND-STITCHING! YOU **GOT TO HAVE** DER HAND-STITCHING IN DER LAPELS UND IN DER SHOULDERS! IT IS A VUNDERBAR TING I GOT HERE... PLAIN PIPE RACKS, OR ELSE I COULD NEFER AFFORD TO SEW TOGEDDER DIS HERE MONSTER!

LEE-TA TYA

10 RUBLES 2 YANKEE DOLLARS

БИБЛИЯ КНИГИ СВЯТЫЯ

**HA!... AT LAST! DER BODY IS COMPLETE!** NOW I GOT TO PUT DER **INSIDE** INTO DER **OUTSIDE!**... LET ME SEE NOW! FIRST I PUT IN A LIDDLE **BIG** INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN... A LIDDLE **LIDDLE** INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN A LIDDLE **WISHBONE**... A LIDDLE **FUNNY-BONE**... A PINCH OF SALT MIT A DASH OF PAPRIKA... UND A SPLASH OF SCOTCH...

BUT SOMEHOW I THINK ISS MISSING ZOMETING, ISS MISSING, I THINK... IS **MISSING... A BRAIN!**

**ACH DU LIEBER! HOW CAN I COMPLETE MY EXPERIMENT WITHOUT A BRAIN?** A MAN CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT A BRAIN... CAN HE, BUMBLE?...WAIT A MINUTE! AFTER LOOKING AT YOU, BUMBLE, I CHANGE MY OPINION!

NOM DU CHIEN... SURELY I MUST HAVE A LITTLE LEFT-OVER BRAIN HERE IN MY TOOL BOX!

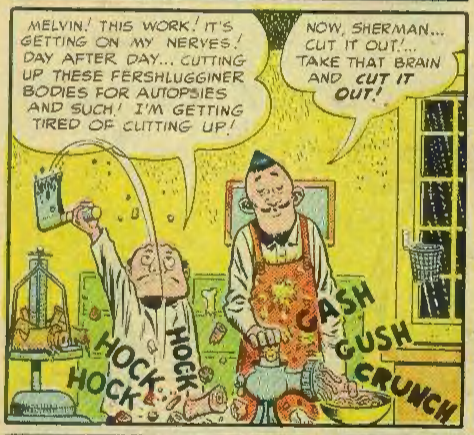
SPLAT

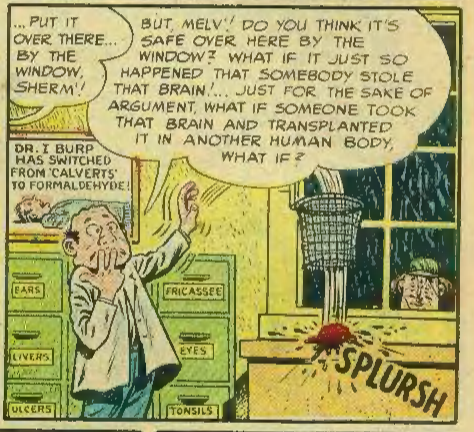
DIMAGGIO LA BERVA ROTZUTO CUBA LIBRE TOUTE LA HORN

EL EXPRESSO DI GIOVANI LA GOOMBAH A SALUTE GRACIAS HI PIZAN

ACH! WHAT A RIDICULOUS SITUATION! NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BRAIN IN DER WHOLE HOUSE!
BUMBLE! ACHTUNG! RAUSE MITT YOU OUT INTO DER STREET UND GO GET ME A HUMAN BRAIN... PRONTO, BOY!
JA, BOSS!
DR. FRANK'N STEIN TEL-IN NEW YORK CIRCLE 5-3290 IN NEW JERSEY BIGELOW 2-1111

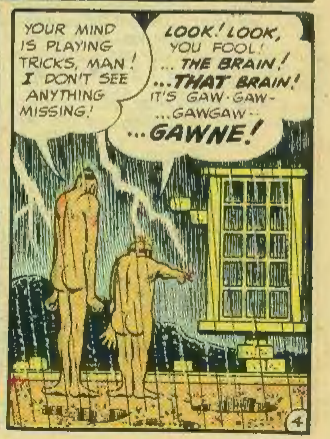
UNEEDA LABORATORY

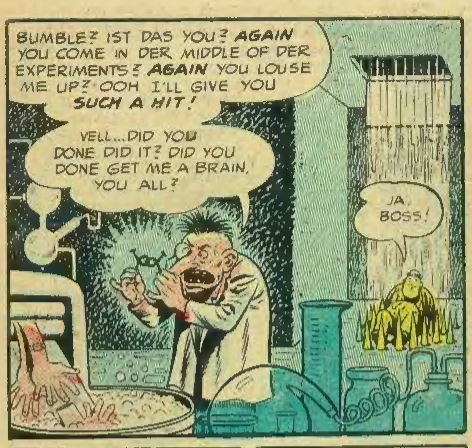

MELVIN! THIS WORK! IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES! DAY AFTER DAY... CUTTING UP THESE FERSHLUGGINER BODIES FOR AUTOPSIES AND SUCH! I'M GETTING TIRED OF CUTTING UP!
NOW, SHERMAN... CUT IT OUT!... TAKE THAT BRAIN AND CUT IT OUT!
HOCK
HOCK
HOCK
GASH
GUSH
CRUNCH

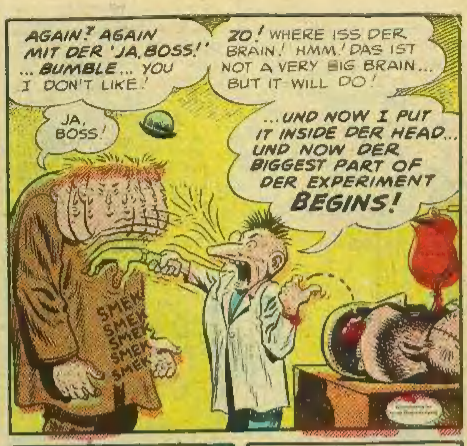

...PUT IT OVER THERE... BY THE WINDOW, SHERM'!
BUT, MELV'! DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE OVER HERE BY THE WINDOW? WHAT IF IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT SOMEBODY STOLE THAT BRAIN!... JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, WHAT IF SOMEONE TOOK THAT BRAIN AND TRANSPLANTED IT IN ANOTHER HUMAN BODY, WHAT IF?
DR. I BURP HAS SWITCHED FROM 'CALVERTS' TO FORMALDEHYDE!
EARS
LIVERS
ULCERS
FRICASSEE
EYES
TONSILS
SPLURSH

...THAT BRAIN? N-NOT TH-THAT B-B-BRAIN! WHY... I SHUDDER TO THINK... (JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT) WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THAT BRAIN WERE TRANSPLANTED IN A HUMAN BODY!
LET ME DESTROY IT, SHERMAN! LET ME DESTROY IT!

SNAP OUT OF IT! SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN! ...PERHAPS IF WE SENT YOU BACK TO THE REAR.... PERHAPS IF WE GAVE YOU A FURLOUGH...
...SHERM'! ...LOOK! IN THE ROOM! S-S-S-S-SOMETHING IS M-M-M-MISSING!...


YOUR MIND IS PLAYING TRICKS, MAN! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING MISSING!
LOOK! LOOK, YOU FOOL! ...THE BRAIN! ...THAT BRAIN! IT'S GAW-GAW-...GAWGAW-- ...GAWNE!


BUMBLE? IST DAS YOU? AGAIN YOU COME IN DER MIDDLE OF DER EXPERIMENTS? AGAIN YOU LOUSE ME UP? OOH I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A HIT!
VELL...DID YOU DONE DID IT? DID YOU DONE GET ME A BRAIN, YOU ALL?
JA, BOSS!


AGAIN? AGAIN MIT DER 'JA, BOSS!' ... BUMBLE... YOU I DON'T LIKE!
ZO! WHERE ISS DER BRAIN! HMM! DAS IST NOT A VERY BIG BRAIN... BUT IT WILL DO!
JA, BOSS!
...UND NOW I PUT IT INSIDE DER HEAD... UND NOW DER BIGGEST PART OF DER EXPERIMENT BEGINS!
SMEK SMEK SMEK SMEK SMEK

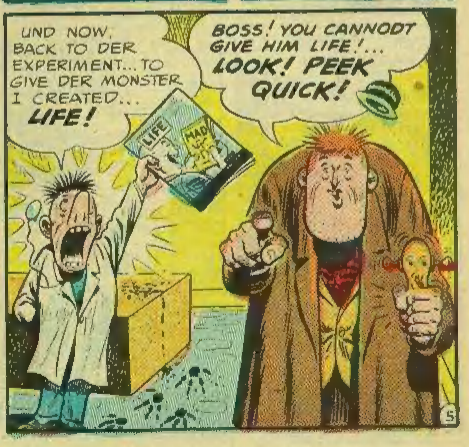
STAND BACK, BUMBLE, UND DO NOT MAKE NO NOISE! I MUST CONCENTRATE!
UND NOW WE START DER MACHINE... ZO... UND NOW I PULL DIS LEVER... ZO...
BZZZZ HUMMM

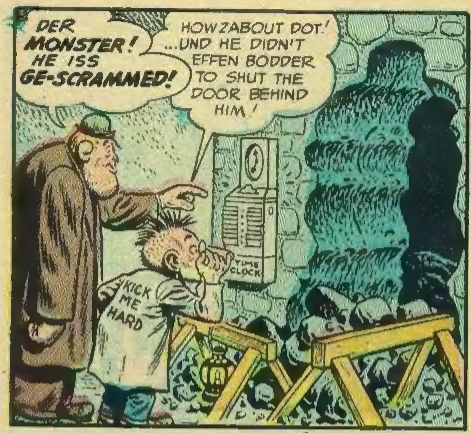
AHA! UMHUM! AHA! HOHO! HOOHAH! ...ZO!
...1,000 ...2,000 ...3,000 DER LIGHTS ISS BLINKING... DER BELL IS RINGING! NOW...
QUEEK
PLIK PLOK PLIK PLUK
BZZ

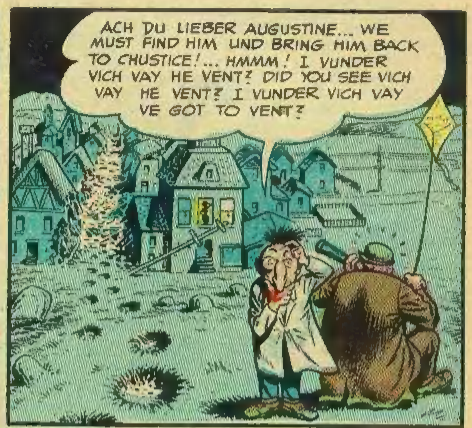
NOW... I PULL DIS LEVER... ZO...
ACH! SOMETHING ISS GOING WRONG! QUICK, BUMBLE! PUSH DER MACHINE HERE
ZZZ
ZZZ
KER-WONK-WONK

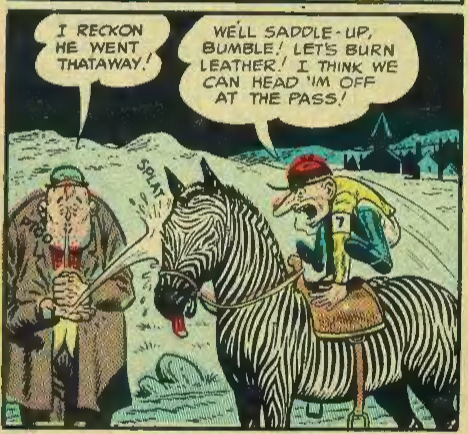
...YOU ARE PUSHING DER MACHINE TOO MUCH...
GEDT BACK, BUMBLE! ...NO... NOOOO...
BLAAP!

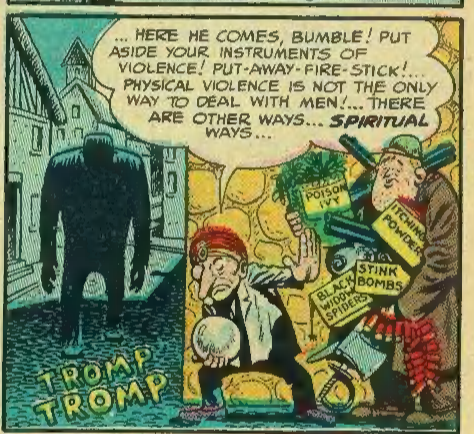
...BUMBLE!... YOU I DON'T LIKE! FOR DER FIRST TIME I ALMOST WON DER FERSHLUGGINER PIN-BALL GAME UND YOU WENDT UND TILTED IT!
JA, BOSS!
SMEKITTY SMEKITTY SMEKITTY SMEK!
TILT


UND NOW, BACK TO DER EXPERIMENT... TO GIVE DER MONSTER I CREATED... LIFE!
LIFE
BOSS! YOU CANNODT GIVE HIM LIFE!... LOOK! PEEK QUICK!

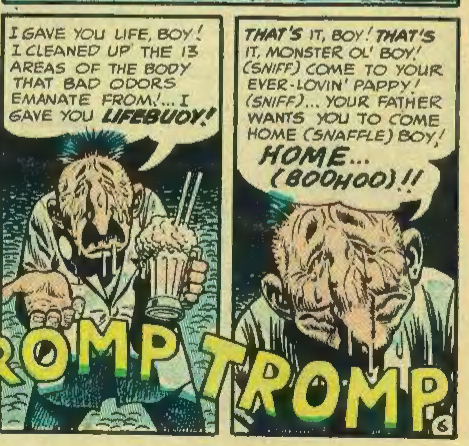

DER MONSTER! HE ISS GE-SCRAMMED!
HOWZABOUT DOT! ...UND HE DIDN'T EFFEN BODDER TO SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM!
TIME CLOCK
KICK ME HARD

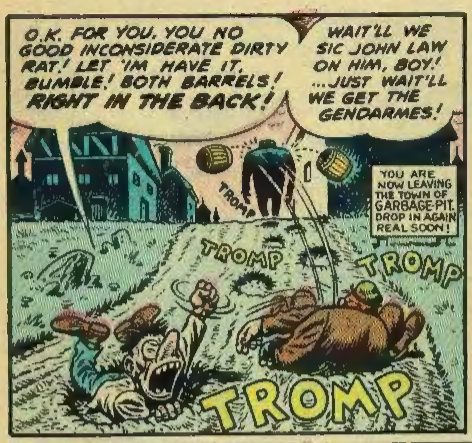

ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... WE MUST FIND HIM UND BRING HIM BACK TO CHUSTICE!... HMMM! I VUNDER VICH VAY HE VENT? DID YOU SEE VICH VAY HE VENT? I VUNDER VICH VAY VE GOT TO VENT?

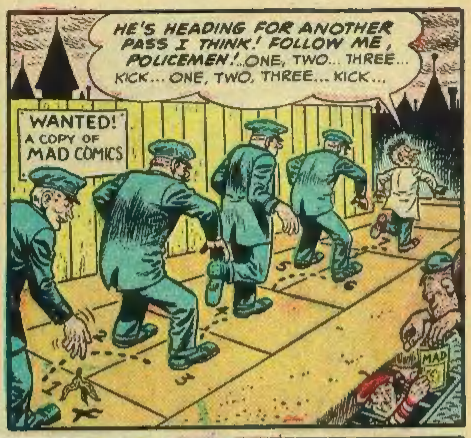

I RECKON HE WENT THATAWAY!
WE'LL SADDLE-UP, BUMBLE! LET'S BURN LEATHER! I THINK WE CAN HEAD 'IM OFF AT THE PASS!
SPLAT


... HERE HE COMES, BUMBLE! PUT ASIDE YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF VIOLENCE! PUT-AWAY-FIRE-STICK!... PHYSICAL VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH MEN!... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS... SPIRITUAL WAYS...
POISON IVY
ITCHING POWDER
STINK BOMBS
BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS
TROMP TROMP

MONSTER! LISTEN! I AM BARON VON FRANK N. STEIN! I CREATED YOU!
SAFETY ZONE
...I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I WEANED YOU FROM A CLUMP OF GEARS, NUTS AND BOLTS, BOY!
KEEP-ALONG KASSIDY COWBOY SUIT
TROMP TROMP


I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I CLEANED UP THE 13 AREAS OF THE BODY THAT BAD ODORS EMANATE FROM!... I GAVE YOU LIFEBUOY!
THAT'S IT, BOY! THAT'S IT, MONSTER OL' BOY! (SNIFF) COME TO YOUR EVER-LOVIN' PAPPY! (SNIFF)... YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO COME HOME (SNAFFLE) BOY! HOME... (BOOHOO)!!
TROMP TROMP


O.K. FOR YOU, YOU NO GOOD INCONSIDERATE DIRTY RAT! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BUMBLE! BOTH BARRELS! RIGHT IN THE BACK!
WAIT'LL WE SIC JOHN LAW ON HIM, BOY! ...JUST WAIT'LL WE GET THE GENDARMES!
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE TOWN OF GARBAGE-PIT. DROP IN AGAIN REAL SOON!
TROMP
TROMP
TROMP
TROMP


HE'S HEADING FOR ANOTHER PASS I THINK! FOLLOW ME, POLICEMEN!...ONE, TWO... THREE... KICK... ONE, TWO, THREE... KICK...
WANTED! A COPY OF MAD COMICS
MAD

...HERE HE COMES! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SHOW OF FORCE, MEN... SO ALL YOU POLICE BELONGING TO THE POLICE FORCE, STAND UP!
FORT TITUDE OR CAMP GUTS
TROMP

...HAH! LOOK AT THE FEAR IN HIS EYE! LOOK HOW HIS STEPS FALTER AND WEAKEN! LOOK HOW HIS MOUTH FALLS AT THE SUDDEN REALIZATION THAT HE WILL HAVE TO FIGHT...
LORD GODFREY OF PRINCESS MARLOW
SIR MALCOM LOVES LADY GODIVA
DUKE CONSIDER DAGENHAM
THE COUNTESS FIFI OF CHELSEY 3-1120 GREENWICH 6-1994
TROMP
TROMP

FOUL! FOUL! DID YOU SEE HOW HE GAVE ME A RABBIT PUNCH?
...CALL OUT THE ARMY!
TROMP

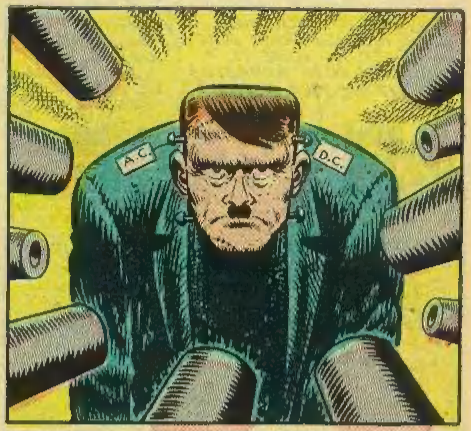
BOOM TA TA BOOM
U.S.A.

HUT TOO
HUT TOO
HUT TOO
HUT GOOD
HUT TOO
HOUSE OF WACKS

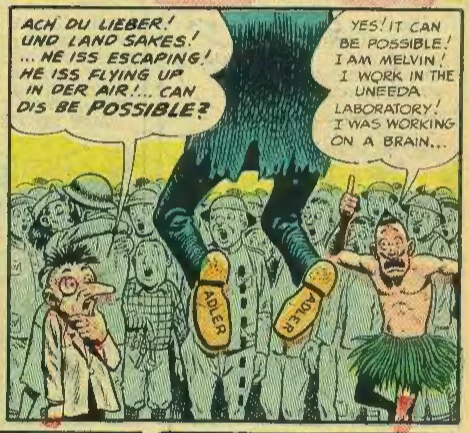
BOOM
?
?

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?...YOU'VE GOT THE MONSTER SURROUNDED?
WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
5 & 10¢ FOR THE FIRST 3 MIN.

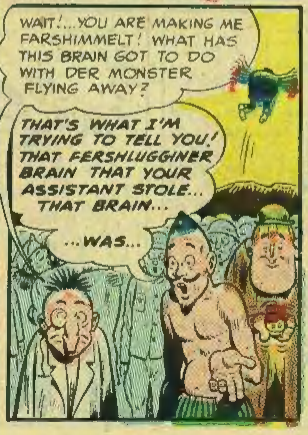
THERE IT IS!
LOOK AT ITS FACE!
WHAT A HORRIBLE FACE!
I CAN'T STAND IT!

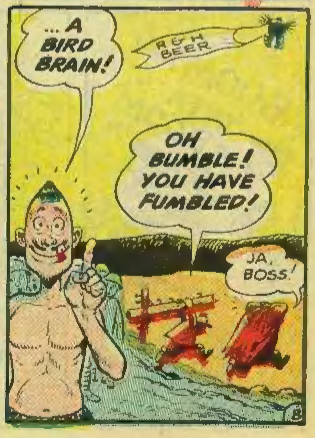

A.C.
D.C.

VELL, CHENTLEMEN... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TEDIOUS CHASE! YOU HAF ALL STAYED MIT ME UNTIL NOW, WE ARE GATHERED TOGEDDER IN A BUNCH UND WE GOT DIS MONSTER SURROUNDED SO DOT HE CANNOT POSSIBLY ESCAPE! UND ZO DERE ISS ONLY ONE MORE T'ING I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, MY DEAR FRIENDS WHO ARE GATHERED HERE... BREAK IT UP!
... HEY! WHAT'S DOT MONSTER DOING?


ACH DU LIEBER! UND LAND SAKES! ... HE ISS ESCAPING! HE ISS FLYING UP IN DER AIR!... CAN DIS BE POSSIBLE?
YES! IT CAN BE POSSIBLE! I AM MELVIN! I WORK IN THE UNEEDA LABORATORY! I WAS WORKING ON A BRAIN...
ADLER
ADLER

VORKING ON A BRAIN? AWW CUT IT OUT!
THAT'S WHAT I DID! I CUT IT OUT AND PUT IT ON THE TABLE! ...WE WERE CUTTING UP THIS OL' BIRD..

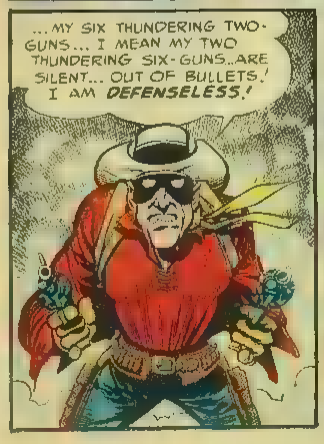

WAIT!... YOU ARE MAKING ME FARSHIMMELT! WHAT HAS THIS BRAIN GOT TO DO WITH DER MONSTER FLYING AWAY?
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! THAT FERSHLUGGINER BRAIN THAT YOUR ASSISTANT STOLE... THAT BRAIN...
...WAS...

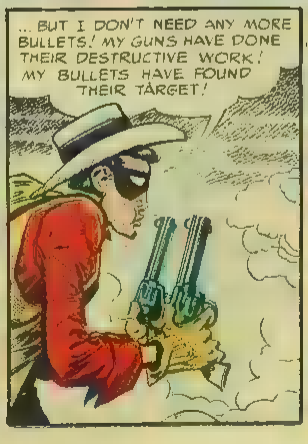

... A BIRD BRAIN!
B & H BEER
OH BUMBLE! YOU HAVE FUMBLED!
JA, BOSS!

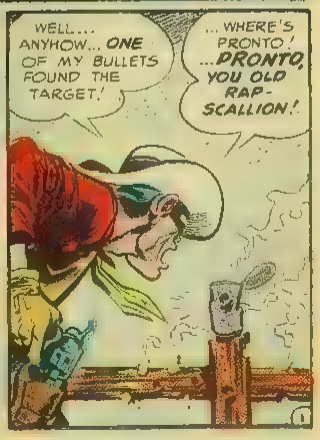
WESTERN DEPT.: THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR... TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE ■ THE BACKGROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFBEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...

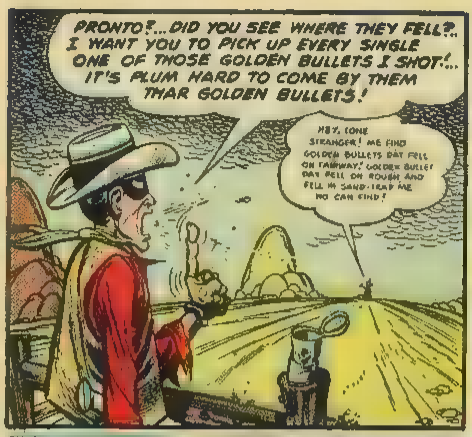
# LONE STRANGER RIDES AGAIN!

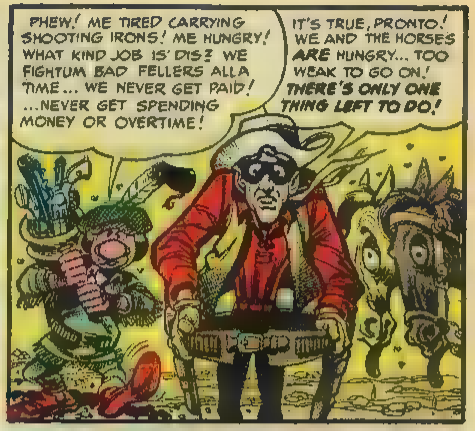
BLADOW! FLAM! BAM! KERCHOW! PHRRT! POW! BOW! BLAM! BLANG! DOW! PTEW! FZZT! GLUNK!

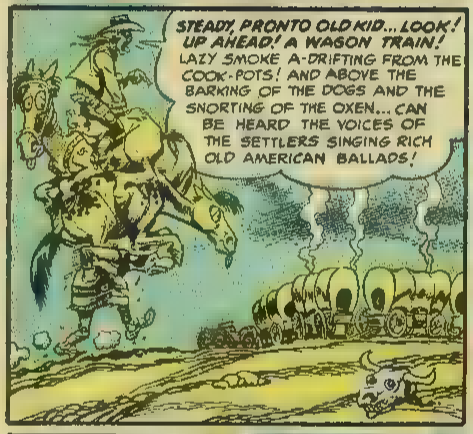


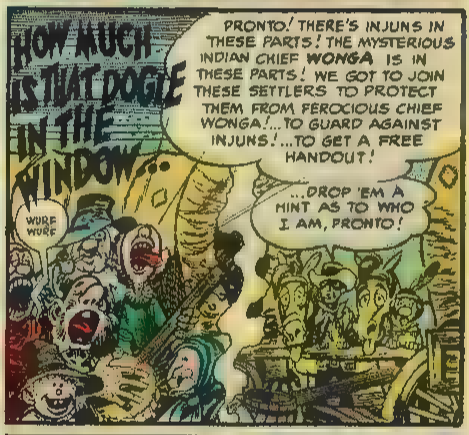



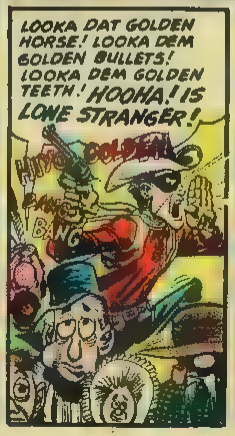

PRONTO?...DID YOU SEE WHERE THEY FELL?... I WANT YOU TO PICK UP EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THOSE GOLDEN BULLETS I SHOT!... IT'S PLUM HARD TO COME BY THEM THAR GOLDEN BULLETS!
HEY, LONE STRANGER! ME FIND GOLDEN BULLETS DAT FELL ON FAIRWAY! GOLDEN BULLET DAT FELL ON ROUGH AND FELL IN SAND-TRAP ME NO CAN FIND!

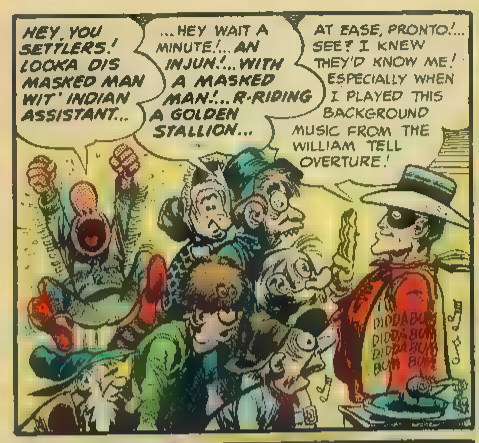

PHEW! ME TIRED CARRYING SHOOTING IRONS! ME HUNGRY! WHAT KIND JOB IS' DIS? WE FIGHTUM BAD FELLERS ALLA TIME... WE NEVER GET PAID! ...NEVER GET SPENDING MONEY OR OVERTIME!
IT'S TRUE, PRONTO! WE AND THE HORSES ARE HUNGRY... TOO WEAK TO GO ON! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

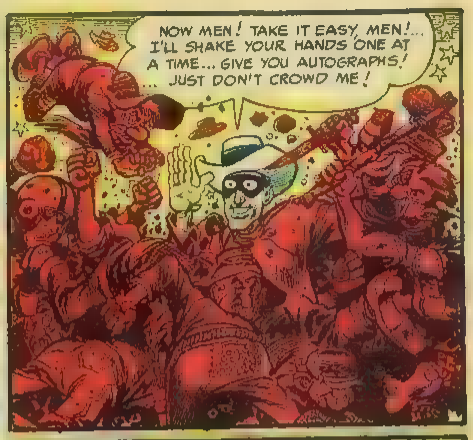

STEADY, PRONTO OLD KID... LOOK! UP AHEAD! A WAGON TRAIN! LAZY SMOKE A-DRIFTING FROM THE COOK-POTS! AND ABOVE THE BARKING OF THE DOGS AND THE SNORTING OF THE OXEN... CAN BE HEARD THE VOICES OF THE SETTLERS SINGING RICH OLD AMERICAN BALLADS!

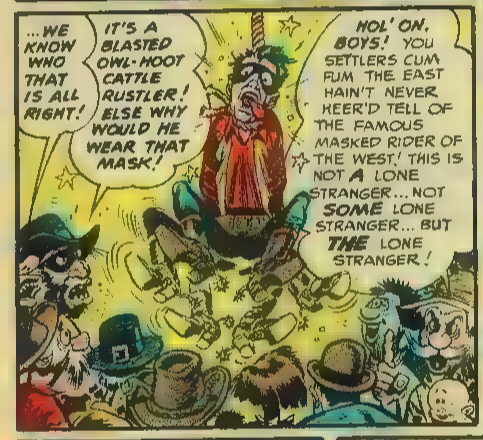

HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGIE IN THE WINDOW...
WURF WURF
PRONTO! THERE'S INJUNS IN THESE PARTS! THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN CHIEF WONGA IS IN THESE PARTS! WE GOT TO JOIN THESE SETTLERS TO PROTECT THEM FROM FEROCIOUS CHIEF WONGA!...TO GUARD AGAINST INJUNS!...TO GET A FREE HANDOUT!
...DROP 'EM A HINT AS TO WHO I AM, PRONTO!

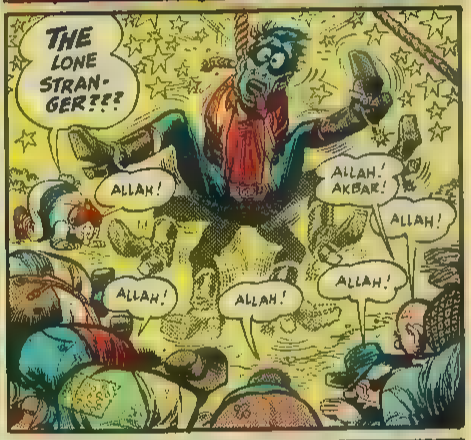
AHEM!
HEY YOU SETTLERS! HOBOY! LOOK WHO IS COME VISIT WIT' YOU! HOT ZING! IS LONE STRANGER!

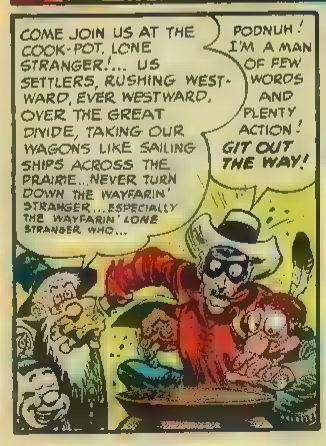

LOOKA DAT GOLDEN HORSE! LOOKA DEM GOLDEN BULLETS! LOOKA DEM GOLDEN TEETH! HOOHA! IS LONE STRANGER!
GOLDEN
BANG
BANG

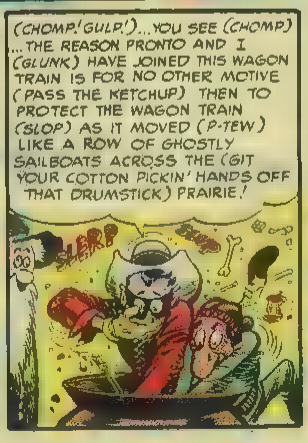

HEY, YOU SETTLERS! LOOKA DIS MASKED MAN WIT' INDIAN ASSISTANT...
...HEY WAIT A MINUTE!...AN INJUN!...WITH A MASKED MAN!...R-RIDING A GOLDEN STALLION...
AT EASE, PRONTO!... SEE? I KNEW THEY'D KNOW ME! ESPECIALLY WHEN I PLAYED THIS BACKGROUND MUSIC FROM THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE!
DIDDA BUM DIDDA BUM DIDDA BUM BUM BUM

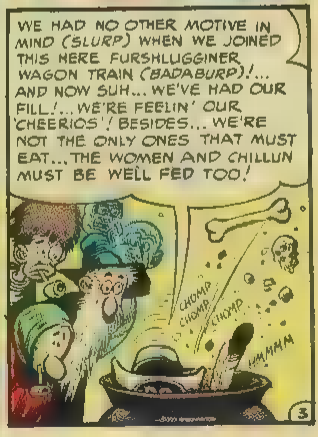

NOW MEN! TAKE IT EASY, MEN!... I'LL SHAKE YOUR HANDS ONE AT A TIME... GIVE YOU AUTOGRAPHS! ... JUST DON'T CROWD ME!

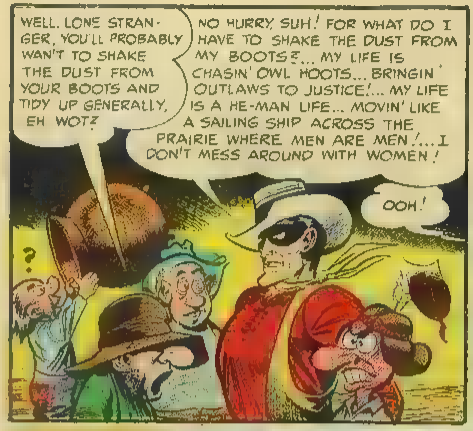

...WE KNOW WHO THAT IS ALL RIGHT!
IT'S A BLASTED OWL-HOOT CATTLE RUSTLER! ELSE WHY WOULD HE WEAR THAT MASK!
HOL' ON, BOYS! YOU SETTLERS CUM FUM THE EAST HAIN'T NEVER HEER'D TELL OF THE FAMOUS MASKED RIDER OF THE WEST! THIS IS NOT A LONE STRANGER... NOT SOME LONE STRANGER... BUT THE LONE STRANGER!

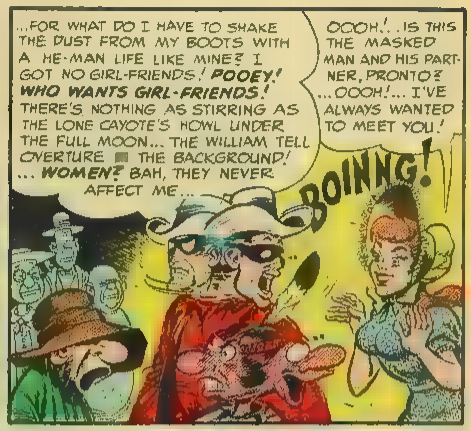

THE LONE STRANGER???
ALLAH!
ALLAH! AKBAR!
ALLAH!
ALLAH!
ALLAH!
ALLAH!


COME JOIN US AT THE COOK-POT, LONE STRANGER!... US SETTLERS, RUSHING WESTWARD, EVER WESTWARD, OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE, TAKING OUR WAGONS LIKE SAILING SHIPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...NEVER TURN DOWN THE WAYFARIN' STRANGER...ESPECIALLY THE WAYFARIN' LONE STRANGER WHO...
PODNUH! I'M A MAN OF FEW WORDS AND PLENTY ACTION! GIT OUT THE WAY!

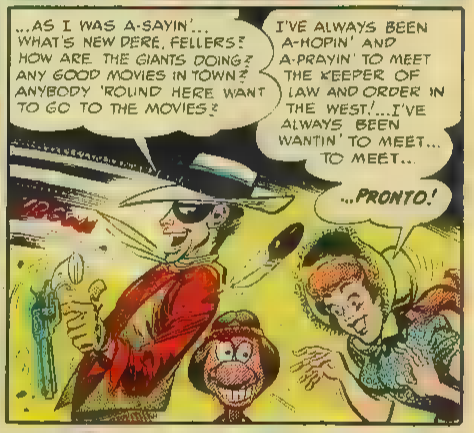

(CHOMP! GULP!)...YOU SEE (CHOMP) ...THE REASON PRONTO AND I (GLUNK) HAVE JOINED THIS WAGON TRAIN IS FOR NO OTHER MOTIVE (PASS THE KETCHUP) THEN TO PROTECT THE WAGON TRAIN (SLOP) AS IT MOVED (P-TEW) LIKE A ROW OF GHOSTLY SAILBOATS ACROSS THE (GIT YOUR COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFF THAT DRUMSTICK) PRAIRIE!
SLERP
BURP


WE HAD NO OTHER MOTIVE IN MIND (SLURP) WHEN WE JOINED THIS HERE FURSHLUGGINER WAGON TRAIN (BADABURP)!... AND NOW SUH... WE'VE HAD OUR FILL!...WE'RE FEELIN' OUR 'CHEERIOS'! BESIDES... WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES THAT MUST EAT...THE WOMEN AND CHILLUN MUST BE WELL FED TOO!
CHOMP CHOMP
CHOMP
UMMMM

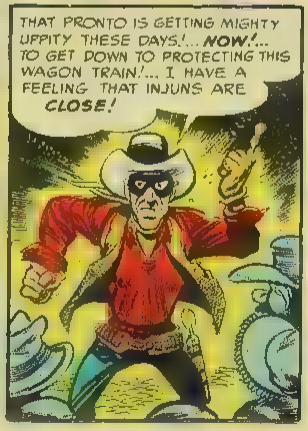

WELL, LONE STRANGER, YOU'LL PROBABLY WAN'T TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM YOUR BOOTS AND TIDY UP GENERALLY, EH WOT?
NO HURRY, SUH! FOR WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM MY BOOTS?... MY LIFE IS CHASIN' OWL HOOTS... BRINGIN' OUTLAWS TO JUSTICE!... MY LIFE IS A HE-MAN LIFE... MOVIN' LIKE A SAILING SHIP ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WHERE MEN ARE MEN!... I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH WOMEN!
?
OOH!


...FOR WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM MY BOOTS WITH A HE-MAN LIFE LIKE MINE? I GOT NO GIRL-FRIENDS! POOEY! WHO WANTS GIRL-FRIENDS! THERE'S NOTHING AS STIRRING AS THE LONE CAYOTE'S HOWL UNDER THE FULL MOON... THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE ■ THE BACKGROUND! ... WOMEN? BAH, THEY NEVER AFFECT ME...
OOOH!.. IS THIS THE MASKED MAN AND HIS PARTNER, PRONTO? ...OOOH!... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU!
BOINNG!

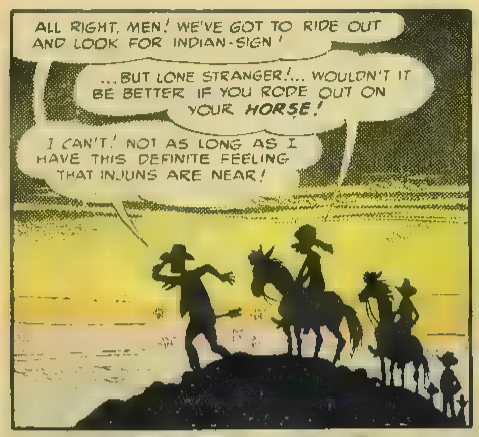
LA DOO DEDA
LEE LOO
VROOM

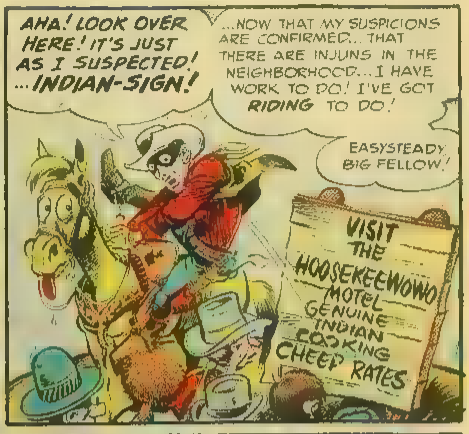

...AS I WAS A-SAYIN'... WHAT'S NEW DERE, FELLERS? HOW ARE THE GIANTS DOING? ANY GOOD MOVIES IN TOWN? ANYBODY 'ROUND HERE WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES?
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A-HOPIN' AND A-PRAYIN' TO MEET THE KEEPER OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST!...I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WANTIN' TO MEET... TO MEET...
...PRONTO!

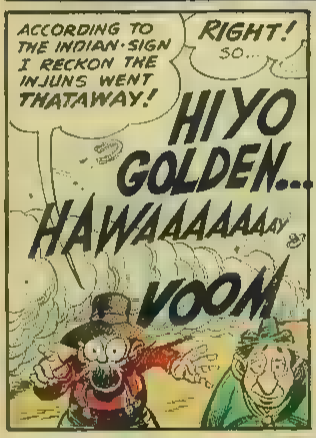
PRONTO, YOU OLD CURMUDGEON! ...DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GO INTO TOWN AND LISTEN IN TO CONVERSATIONS OF FELLERS IN BARROOMS?

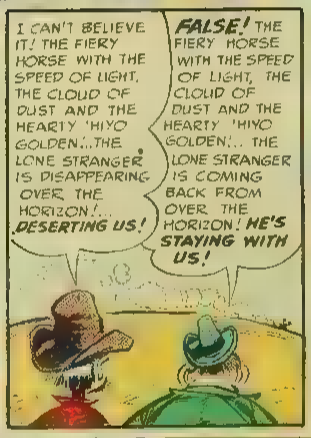

THAT PRONTO IS GETTING MIGHTY UPPITY THESE DAYS!... NOW!... TO GET DOWN TO PROTECTING THIS WAGON TRAIN!... I HAVE A FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE CLOSE!

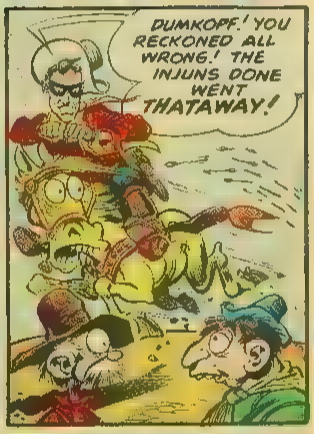
I HAVE A DEFINITE FEELING THAT THAT MYSTERIOUS CHIEF WONGA AND HIS TRIBE OF BLOODTHIRSTY INJUNS ARE VERY CLOSE! I HAVE THIS VERY DEFINITE... THIS VERY VERY DEFINITE FEELING!

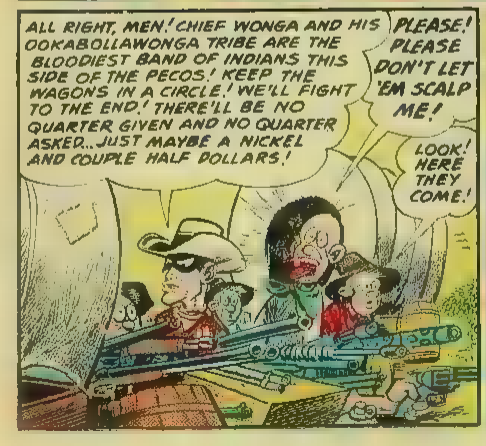

ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE OUT AND LOOK FOR INDIAN-SIGN!
...BUT LONE STRANGER!... WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU RODE OUT ON YOUR HORSE!
I CAN'T! NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE THIS DEFINITE FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE NEAR!

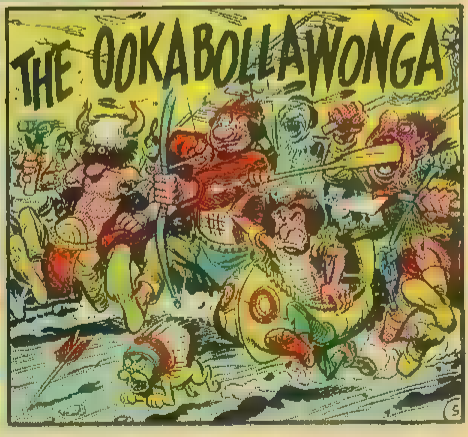

AHA! LOOK OVER HERE! IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ...INDIAN-SIGN!
...NOW THAT MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED... THAT THERE ARE INJUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD... I HAVE WORK TO DO! I'VE GOT RIDING TO DO!
EASYSTEADY, BIG FELLOW!
VISIT THE HOOSEKEEWOWO MOTEL GENUINE INDIAN COOKING CHEEP RATES

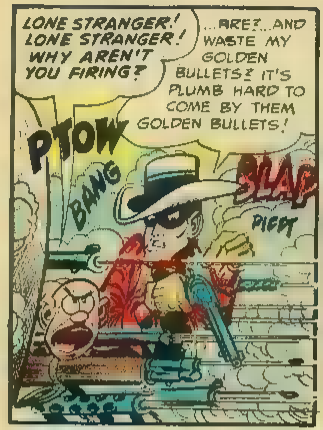

ACCORDING TO THE INDIAN-SIGN I RECKON THE INJUNS WENT THATAWAY!
RIGHT! SO...
HIYO GOLDEN...
HAWAAAAAAY
VOOM

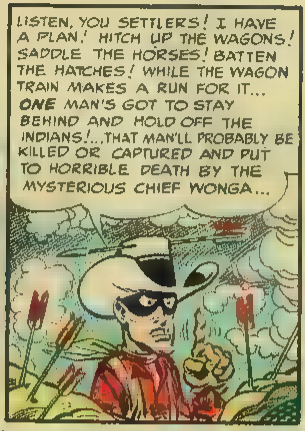

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN!... THE LONE STRANGER IS DISAPPEARING OVER THE HORIZON!... DESERTING US!
FALSE! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN!... THE LONE STRANGER IS COMING BACK FROM OVER THE HORIZON! HE'S STAYING WITH US!

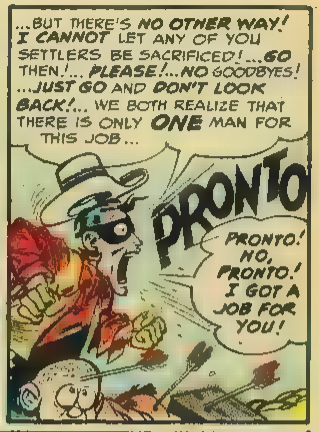

DUMKOPF! YOU RECKONED ALL WRONG! THE INJUNS DONE WENT THATAWAY!

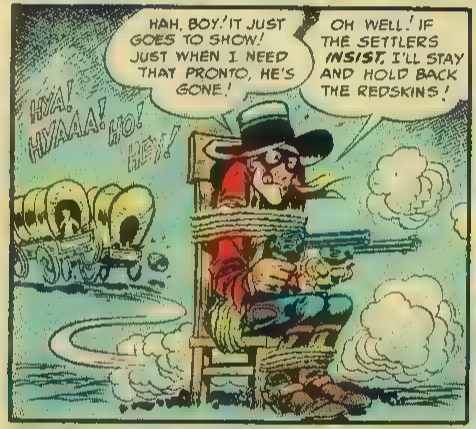

ALL RIGHT, MEN! CHIEF WONGA AND HIS OOKABOLLAWONGA TRIBE ARE THE BLOODIEST BAND OF INDIANS THIS SIDE OF THE PECOS! KEEP THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE! WE'LL FIGHT TO THE END! THERE'LL BE NO QUARTER GIVEN AND NO QUARTER ASKED... JUST MAYBE A NICKEL AND COUPLE HALF DOLLARS!
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LET 'EM SCALP ME!
LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

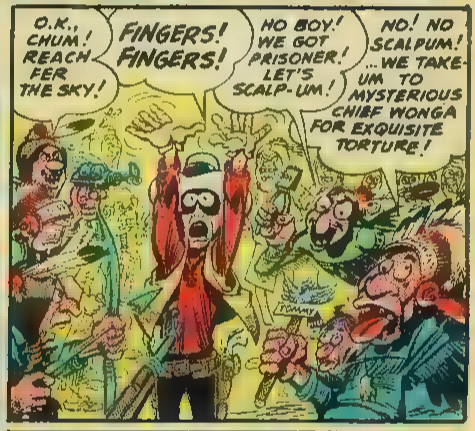

THE OOKABOLLAWONGA

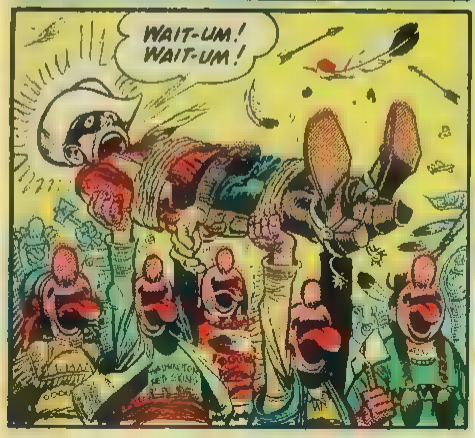

LONE STRANGER! LONE STRANGER! WHY AREN'T YOU FIRING?
...ARE?...AND WASTE MY GOLDEN BULLETS? IT'S PLUMB HARD TO COME BY THEM GOLDEN BULLETS!
PTOW
BANG
SLAP
PIEET

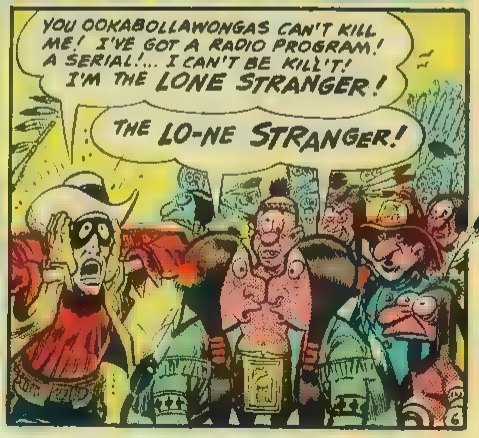

LISTEN, YOU SETTLERS! I HAVE A PLAN! HITCH UP THE WAGONS! SADDLE THE HORSES! BATTEN THE HATCHES! WHILE THE WAGON TRAIN MAKES A RUN FOR IT... ONE MAN'S GOT TO STAY BEHIND AND HOLD OFF THE INDIANS!...THAT MAN'LL PROBABLY BE KILLED OR CAPTURED AND PUT TO HORRIBLE DEATH BY THE MYSTERIOUS CHIEF WONGA...

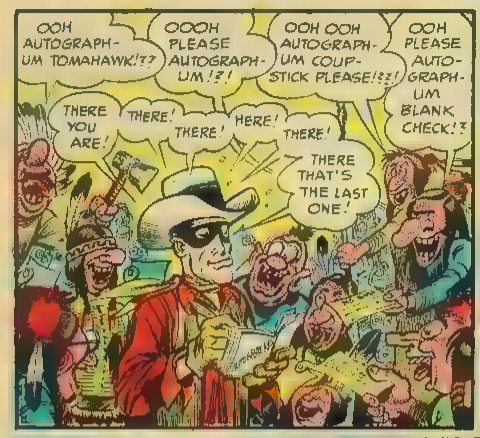

...BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY! I CANNOT LET ANY OF YOU SETTLERS BE SACRIFICED!...GO THEN!... PLEASE!...NO GOODBYES! ...JUST GO AND DON'T LOOK BACK!... WE BOTH REALIZE THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN FOR THIS JOB...
PRONTO
PRONTO! NO, PRONTO! I GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

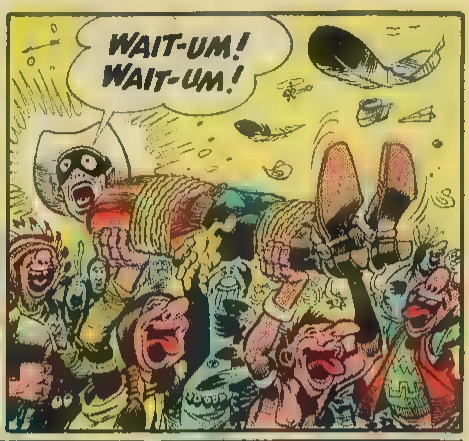

HAH, BOY! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW! JUST WHEN I NEED THAT PRONTO, HE'S GONE!
OH WELL! IF THE SETTLERS INSIST, I'LL STAY AND HOLD BACK THE REDSKINS!
HYA! HYAAA! HO! HEY!


O.K., CHUM! REACH FER THE SKY!
FINGERS! FINGERS!
NO BOY! WE GOT PRISONER! LET'S SCALP-UM!
NO! NO SCALPUM! ...WE TAKE-UM TO MYSTERIOUS CHIEF WONGA FOR EXQUISITE TORTURE!

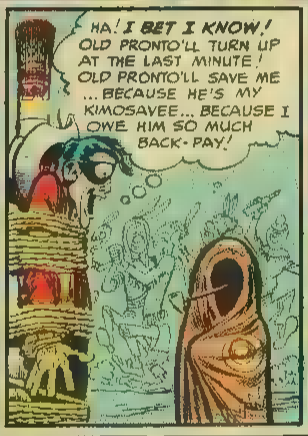

WAIT-UM! WAIT-UM!

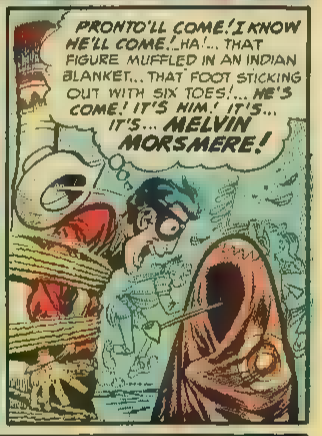

YOU OOKABOLLAWONGAS CAN'T KILL ME! I'VE GOT A RADIO PROGRAM! A SERIAL!... I CAN'T BE KILL'T! I'M THE LONE STRANGER!
THE LO-NE STRANGER!

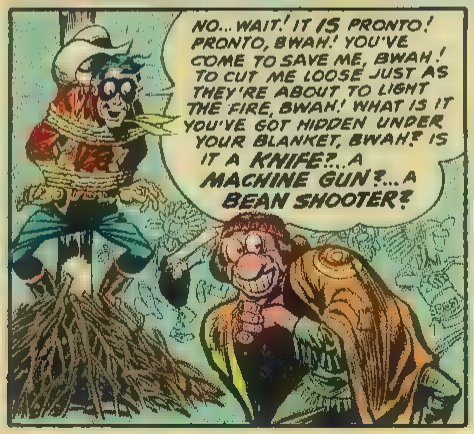

OOH AUTOGRAPH-UM TOMAHAWK!??
OOOH PLEASE AUTOGRAPH-UM!?!
OOH OOH AUTOGRAPH-UM COUP-STICK PLEASE!??!
OOH PLEASE AUTO-GRAPH-UM BLANK CHECK!?
THERE YOU ARE!
THERE!
THERE!
HERE!
THERE!
THERE THAT'S THE LAST ONE!

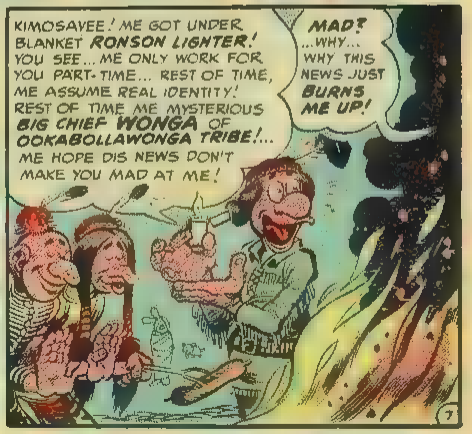

WAIT-UM! WAIT-UM!

WHEW! WHAT A FIX! THEY'RE GOING TO BURN ME AT THE STAKE! HOW WILL MY WRITERS GET ME OUT OF THIS JAM?


HA! I BET I KNOW! OLD PRONTO'LL TURN UP AT THE LAST MINUTE! OLD PRONTO'LL SAVE ME ... BECAUSE HE'S MY KIMOSAVEE... BECAUSE I OWE HIM SO MUCH BACK-PAY!


PRONTO'LL COME! I KNOW HE'LL COME! HA!... THAT FIGURE MUFFLED IN AN INDIAN BLANKET... THAT FOOT STICKING OUT WITH SIX TOES!... HE'S COME! IT'S HIM! IT'S... IT'S... MELVIN MORSMERE!


NO... WAIT! IT IS PRONTO! PRONTO, BWAH! YOU'VE COME TO SAVE ME, BWAH! TO CUT ME LOOSE JUST AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO LIGHT THE FIRE, BWAH! WHAT IS IT YOU'VE GOT HIDDEN UNDER YOUR BLANKET, BWAH? IS IT A KNIFE?... A MACHINE GUN?... A BEAN SHOOTER?


KIMOSAVEE! ME GOT UNDER BLANKET RONSON LIGHTER! YOU SEE... ME ONLY WORK FOR YOU PART-TIME... REST OF TIME, ME ASSUME REAL IDENTITY! REST OF TIME ME MYSTERIOUS BIG CHIEF WONGA OF OOKABOLLAWONGA TRIBE!... ME HOPE DIS NEWS DON'T MAKE YOU MAD AT ME!
MAD? ...WHY... WHY THIS NEWS JUST BURNS ME UP!

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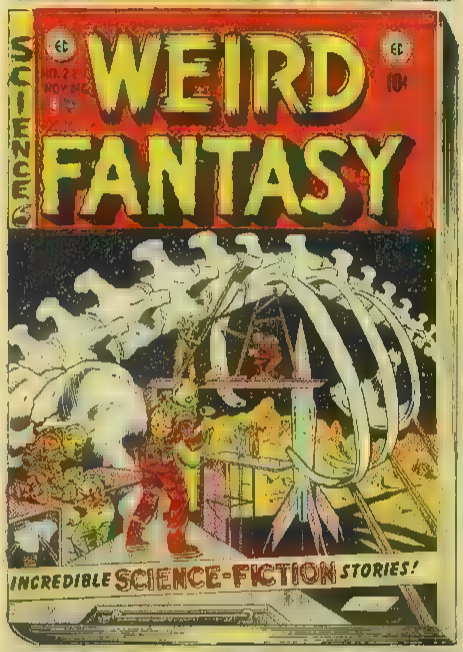


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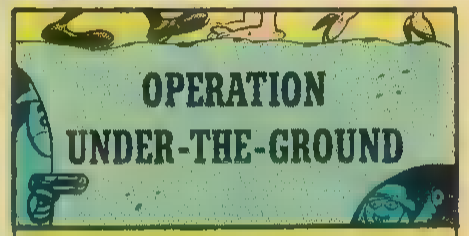
*CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.:* And now the SECOND chapter in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

*As you no doubt recall, in our last chapter, Jones' chief in Washington gave Jones the incredible news that the Russians were manufacturing ARTIFICIAL DIRT. This gave Jones grounds to believe that a filthy plot was underfoot. So on to CHAPTER II of . .*




. . . The chief continues: "Can you see what this development can do to our country, man?! Why, this could render the American sod completely useless! And think of all those poor Russian earth-worms crawling through PHONEY dirt!! (sniff-sniff) HORRIBLE! Now here's your assignment, Agent Jones (By the way, from now on you'll have to go under the code name of SHOVEL.) Your mission, Shovel, is to dig up this dirt plot. It's a dangerous job, Shovel, but we feel you're the best qualified man for the job . . seeing that you've been in the UNDERGROUND so long. You'll be picked up by submarine just off the coast under cover of darkness this afternoon at one sharp! The sub will take you behind the Iron Curtain. Got that, SHOVEL!?"

"I'll be there, chief!"

The next scene is the dock under cover of darkness. A submarine chugs up just as Jones arrives carrying a lantern, and an open umbrella, and a bandana containing all his personal belongings tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. The sub itself is a battered old wreck with a figurehead on the prow. It is all patched up with band-aids, and some sailors are plugging up holes with their fingers.

Jones asks the sub's skipper if the sub leaks, saying that the government can't afford security leaks. They enter the sub whose hatches are battened down. The engine is a rubber band (like an airplane model). The sub gets under way beneath the waves. An airplane flies past leisurely. Finally the submarine reaches the Iron Curtain, and some of the crew have to get out to use some braces-and-bits to drill through the curtain. They drill a hole and the sub passes through with ease.

Some time later on a lonely street, a sewer grating is lifted and through it protrudes a submarine periscope with a yellow bloodshot eyeball framed in the glass, as that crazy mixed up *Shovel* digs Moscow.

• • • • •

*... Well! The plot sickens! We've reached the end of the page, and so we moscow. If you want to find out what happens next in the adventures of Five Finger Jones, you'll have to buy another copy of MAD! (Boy, have WE got YOU sewed up!)*

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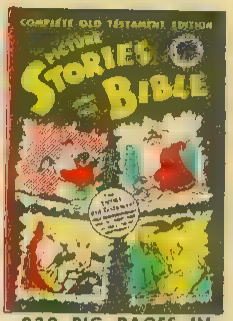


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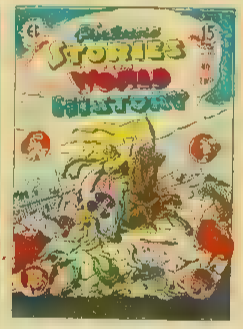


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# MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

...If you ask me, MAD is a disgusting, dirty, no-count comic and shouldn't be on the stands!! But it's just what we want. Keep up the great work.—John Hurt—Elgin, Oregon

...I know you would like to hear from a dissatisfied reader of MAD. That is why I am writing. I think you should be boiled in oil or killed by the death of a thousand cuts. Melvin should sic his apes on you. Your printing presses should be reduced to rubble by one punch from Superduperman, and you should be pummelled with used D.C. comic books. Just in case you are tired of this, I am tired of seeing MAD as a bimonthly comic. How about a *monthly* MAD, please?—Ronald Ketterer, Reading, Pa.

...I dare say you BLUNDERING IDIOTS will never stop making mistakes, will you? I thought you might be a little more careful with *Mad* than you have been with other E.C. mags. But no! You start right in making mistakes in *Mad* too. In issue number six, you told the story of CASEY AT THE BAT. Since Casey was my third uncle, 627½ times removed, when you made the following atrocious error I was very shocked. With the count nothing and two, Casey *removes his teeth* and prepares himself for the next pitch. As it comes, a sneer of satisfaction crosses his face and he *displays a full set of teeth*. Would you kindly let me know where he got the *second set of teeth?* I am deeply distressed at your mistake.—Harry Mitchell Jr.—Mudville, U.S.A.

...Vat's dis? *Mad* only once every *two* months? How dare you! It's inhuman, cruel, and besides, it's not nice! What would Farouk think? Have mercy! Begin publishing that magazine once a month.—Bobby Perry—Auburn, Alabama

...I have read a few of your Mad comics, and in my opinion, I have never seen so silly a book in my life. It gives the child a mean mind and teaches him to hate other nations. I hate comic books for I am a Martian.—Aurtvo Servix—Canal 5, Cave 62

...My son, Gene Sultan, is Bat Boy for the N. Y. Giants, and just before he left for the Polo Grounds today, he begged me to read "Casey at the Bat" in your No. 6 issue of Mad. I told him not to annoy me, that I had other more important things to do. However, after he had gone, I thought I would humor him and read the story.

Well, I got such a kick out of it, and had to laugh out loud so many times, that I just felt I had to send you a short note complimenting you. The drawings are a brilliant satire on America's favorite sport. Believe me, I thoroughly enjoyed it!—Rose Sultan—New York City

...It might interest you to know that my buddy signed over the title to his '40 Plymouth on the condition that I call off his debt of $165.00 and get him an issue of *Mad*—Bill Wiesenbach—Pensacola, Fla.

...The greatest brains of this school convene and discuss Calculus, Philosophy and *Mad*. This comic book is the only one we deem intelligent enough for our reading.—Some students of the Atascadero Union High School: Grace Woodworth, Tony Wilson, Carol Wilson, Donnadine Uischner, Pat Willey, Gene Dell'Anno, D. Morgan, Barbara Fresbie, Lee Erickson

...I read your issue No. 6 with great interest, even getting so far as the Mad Mumblings. There I was greatly disappointed to see that you had accepted a letter from some *engineering students* as *fit to print*. Here in Norfolk we are on the same campus as V.P.I., and I have therefore had experience with engineering students. So I say, and I speak with authority, that engineers do *not* have overtracked brains, for they simply have *no brains* to *be* overtracked!

I hope you will take this into consideration when you next receive a letter from one of the characters that live up to the name of your book...MAD!—Chucks Hancox—College of William and Mary, Virginia

...I bought a copy of *Mad*. I have to keep it locked in a safe, and when one of the boys wants to read it, we have to lock all the doors. We classified it "Top Secret." A couple more of those stories and we'll have the enemy licked.—Howard Griffith—U.S. Naval Air Base, Virginia

...I know your staff will not print this because they fear that if they do, some of their readers will be converted to the good way of life. The men who think up such stories must be possessed by the devil! I have glanced through your book. I was lucky to live just glancing through. Death to you fiends!—David Allessio—Pittsfield, Mass.

*In closing, a reminder* JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! *(See inside front cover for details.) Subscriptions...75c...six issues! Keep writing. We need the cancelled stamps! Address for mail or sub orders is:*

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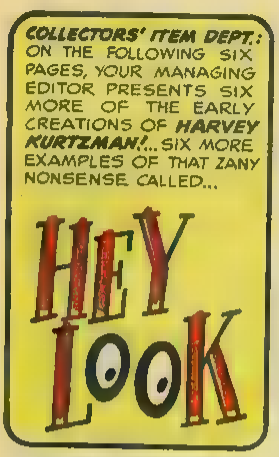
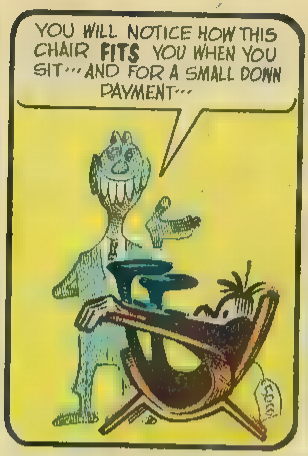
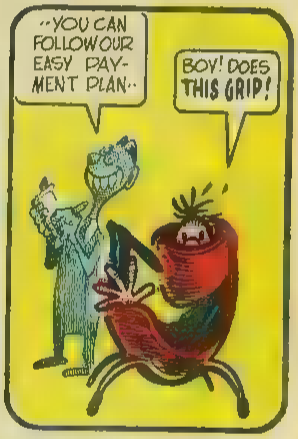

COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.: ON THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES, YOUR MANAGING EDITOR PRESENTS SIX MORE OF THE EARLY CREATIONS OF HARVEY KURTZMAN!... SIX MORE EXAMPLES OF THAT ZANY NONSENSE CALLED...
HEY LOOK


YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS CHAIR FITS YOU WHEN YOU SIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...

..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR TO RELAX ■, NOTICE HOW THIS ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...

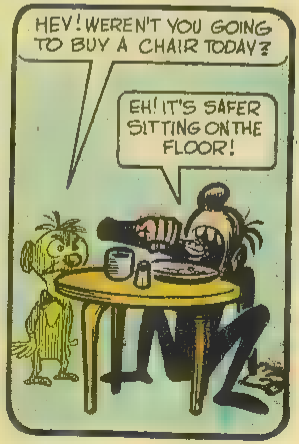
NOW, HERE'S A SIMPLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR THAT IS VERY UNIQUE. IT GRIPS YOU!

HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICALLY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT..
HEY.. YEAH!


..YOU CAN FOLLOW OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN..
BOY! DOES THIS GRIP!

...IN NO TIME..
HEY! THIS CHAIR IS TRYING TO EAT ME!

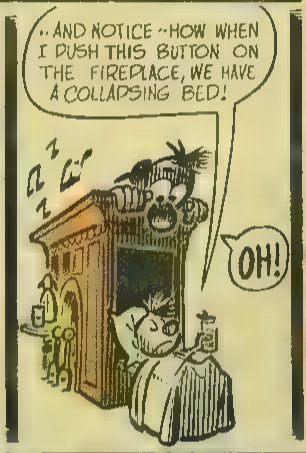
WO HOPPEN?
THIS CHAIR GRIPS TOO MUCH! LUCKY I HAD MY SCOUT KNIFE!


HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?
EH! IT'S SAFER SITTING ON THE FLOOR!

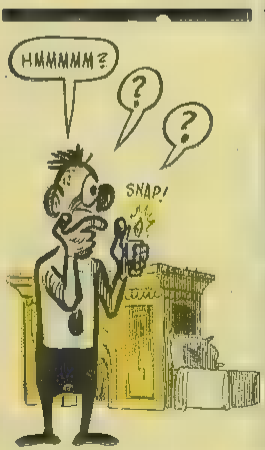
HEY LOOK
H. Kurtz
COME, MY FRIEND..I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE THE FIREPLACE I BOUGHT THE OTHER DAY!

NOTICE..HOW WHEN I PRESS THE BUTTON ON THE FIREPLACE ..WE HAVE A RADIO AND TELEVISION!
UUH!

..AND NOTICE..HOW WHEN I PUSH THIS BUTTON ON THE FIREPLACE, WE HAVE A BAR AND A TELEPHONE!
AAH!


..AND NOTICE..HOW WHEN I PUSH THIS BUTTON ON THE FIREPLACE, WE HAVE A COLLAPSING BED!
OH!

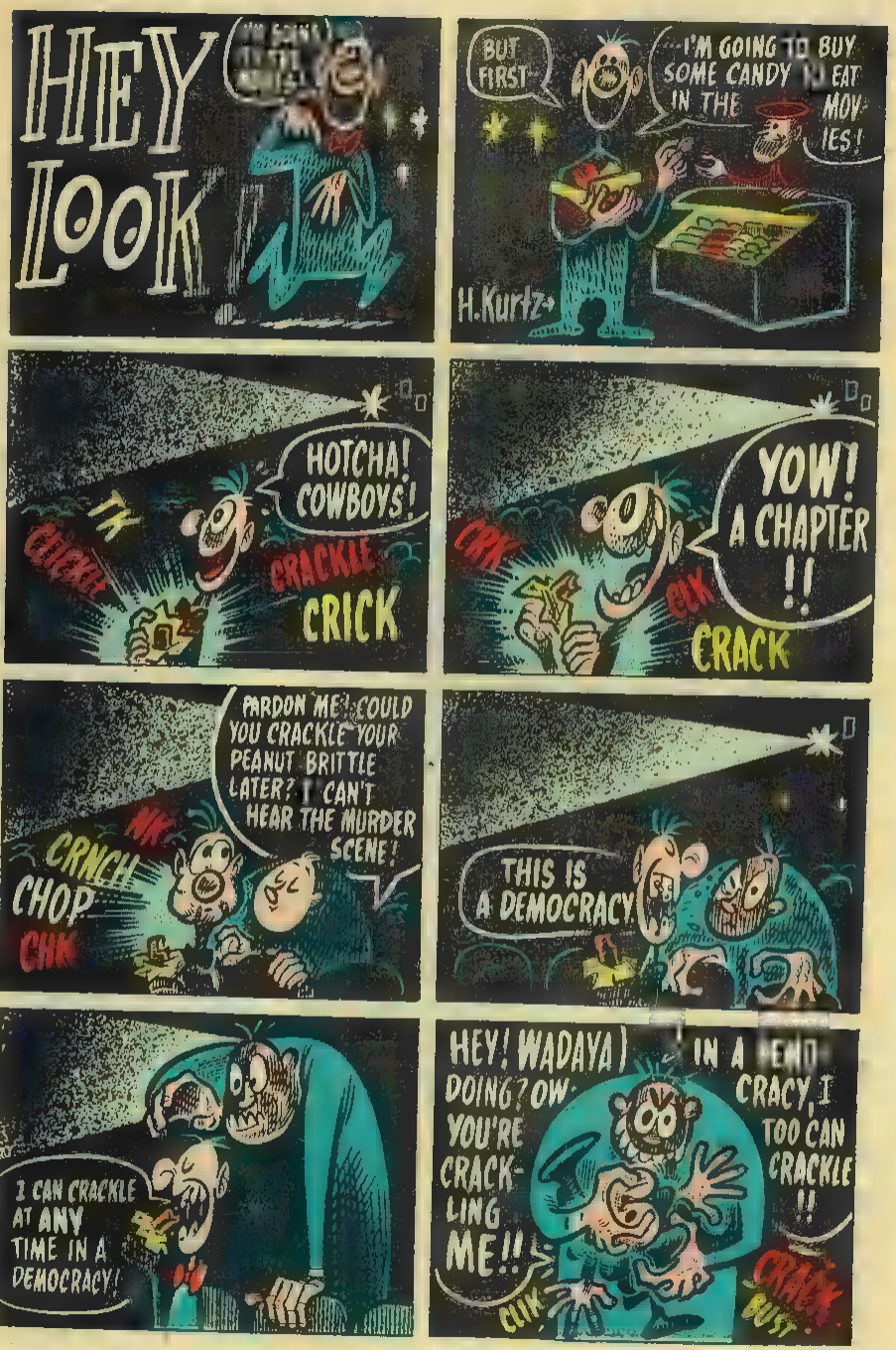
..AND NOTICE...HOW WHEN I PUSH THIS BUTTON ON THE FIREPLACE, WE HAVE A SHOWER WITH HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER!
EEEE!


HMMMMM?
?
?
SNAP!

WELL...WHY SHUN'T A FIREPLACE BURN A FIRE AS WELL AS EVERYTHING ELSE?
H'H?
WHY SHUN'T IT?
YOU SORE?

HEY LOOK!
I THINK I'LL LISTEN TO THE RADIO!
CLICK!
AGH! THE NEWS! WHO WANTS NEWS!!
GOOD EVENING MR. AND MRS. AMERICA! WELL-- IT'S REALLY NOT SO GOOD--
AGH! NEWS-- SHMEWS!! I'LL TURN-- HEY! THE RADIO IS STUCK!
BOY--HAVE WE GOT TROUBLES, GEE WHIZ!!
THIS NEWS DEPRESSES ME, SO SHUDDUP !!!
ALL INDICATIONS POINT IN ONE DIRECTION!
SHUDDUP SHUDDUP!
AND WASHINGTON IS BUZZING WITH RUMORS!
POP-OFF!
I'M TELLING YOU!
AT LAST! I SHUTTIM OFF!
IT SURE IS TOUGH ALL OVER!
THIS'LL SHUTTIM OFF!
AND AS FOR TAXES, HOLY SMOKES THE-- NOISE
HAAAAA! PEACE AT LAST!!
D-OOOH-- THE NEIGHBORS RADIO!!
THE SITUATION IS TENSE OVER THERE!
H. Kurtz

HEY LOOK!
I'M HUNGRY!
I'M GOING TO HAVE A BOWL OF THESE CEREAL FLAKE CRISPIES! THEY GO SNAP CLICK AND POPPO!
H. Kurtz
LISTEN! LISTEN WHEN I POUR THE MILK IN!
SNAP!
POP!
HEAR? HEAR THE POP AND CRACKLE AS THE MILK SOAKS IN!
POP!
CRAK!
HEY!
POW
SNAP
PAW
NOW AREN'T YOU OVER-DOING THIS THING, LITTLE CEREAL FLAKES?
POW
PAW
BOP
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
PAW!
BOW!
IT L-LOOKS LIKE IT'S ABOUT WORN OUT!.
NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M STILL HUNGRY, BUT I'M EATING SOFT, LUMPY, UN-CRACKLY OATMEAL!
AGH!


HEY LOOK
BUT FIRST
I'M GOING TO BUY SOME CANDY TO EAT IN THE MOVIES!
H.Kurtz
HOTCHA! COWBOYS!
CRACKLE
CRICK
YOW! A CHAPTER !!
CRACK
PARDON ME! COULD YOU CRACKLE YOUR PEANUT BRITTLE LATER? I CAN'T HEAR THE MURDER SCENE!
CRNCH
CHOP
THIS IS A DEMOCRACY
I CAN CRACKLE AT ANY TIME IN A DEMOCRACY!
HEY! WADAYA DOING? OW YOU'RE CRACKLING ME!!
IN A DEMOCRACY, I TOO CAN CRACKLE !!
CRACK
BUST

OH JOYEUX! I HAVE JHUST PURSHASED A MAJHIC HAT!
THEY LOOK

VOICI! I PUT INTO IT, EGGS, SHEEZE, KATSUP, OLD SHOES, MARBLES, FALSE TEETH, A BOOK ON FREUDIAN PSYCHOLOGY··
PLOP!
PLOP!

POUF!
GONE!
CLAP!
CLAP!

NOW··I PUT IN A CAMEL, FRENCH FRIED POTATOES, A PAIR OF DICE, AND A KITCHEN SINK···

POUF!
GONE!
CLAP!
CLAP!

AND NOW, MON AMI, I TAKE MY LEAVE! WIZ A LOW SWEEP, I PUT ON MY HAT AND I··
OOP!

H. Kurtz

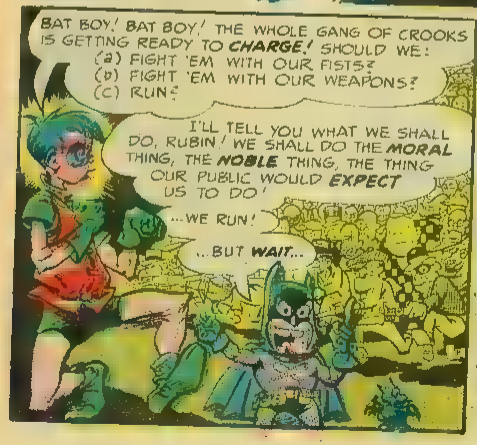
POUF!
GONE!
CLAP!
CLAP!
end

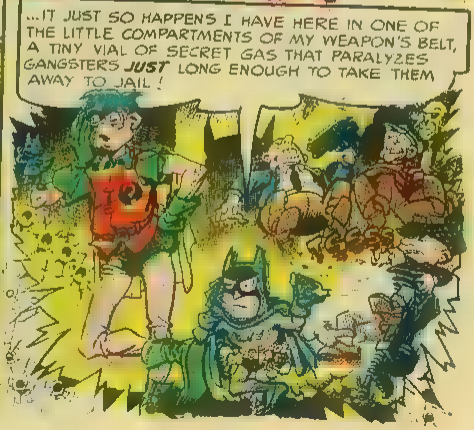
HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... THIS STORY, THEN... HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

# BAT BOY AND RUBIN!

NOTICE! THIS STORY IS A LAMPOON! IF YOU WANT TO SPEND YOUR DIME ON CHEAP, ROTTEN LAMPOONS LIKE THIS INSTEAD OF THE EVER-LOVIN' GENUINE, REAL THING... GO RIGHT AHEAD, BOY!

WOOD.



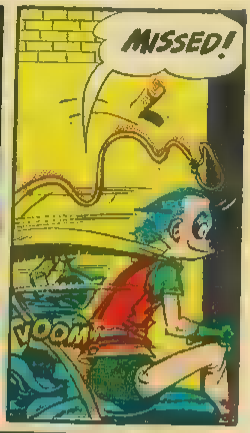



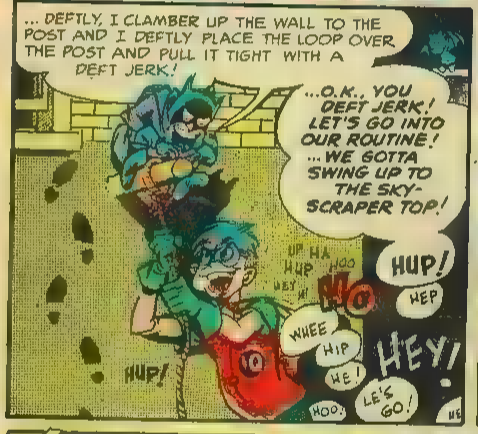
WOW, BAT BOY! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY CARRIED A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT BLINDS GANGSTERS AND A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT TURNS GANGSTERS FRIENDLY... BUT NOT A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS!
HALP!
NOTE: WE REPEAT! LAMPOON! BAT BOY MIT A BOY! RUBIN MIT A U!
(UGH)...(UGH)... I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY TINY LITTLE VIAL WHERE I KEEP MY FURSHLUGGINER SECRET GAS MASK... (UGH)...
...WELL... THAT FINISHES THE FLOOGLE GANG! LET'S CLIMB INTO THE SECRET BAT-O-MOBILE AND GO HOME!
KOF
WITH THE CLEANING UP OF THE FLOOGLE GANG, WE HAVE PROBABLY ENDED THE WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS THAT HAVE PLAGUED COSMOPOLIS CITY!
(COUGH) (COUGH) ...DRATTED SECRET GAS! ...HAND ME A KLEENEX FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, WILL YOU, RUBE?!
CHUG
QUEEK
BAT BOY! BAT BOY! BAT BOY! ...L-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! A...A...A... THAT'S IT! A ROAD MAP FROM THE A.A.A.... AND A PAIR OF GLOVES!
SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE GLOVES IN A GLOVE COMPARTMENT?
...WITH HANDS IN 'EM?
A BODY!... KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS ALL THE OTHERS! THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE!
QUICKLY!... ONTO OUR SECRET BAT-O-CYCLE! OBVIOUSLY THE KILLINGS WERE NOT THE WORK OF THE FLOOGLE GANG BUT I THINK THEY'RE THE WORK OF THE FLEAGLE GANG!
...NOW TO TAKE OUT MY SECRET BAT-O-LARIET...
...I THINK WE SHOULD DO SOME SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPERS! ...DEFTLY, I SHAKE THE LARIET OUT OF ITS VIAL!... DEFTLY I AIM IT TOWARDS THAT POST, AND DEFTLY, I THROW IT WITH UNERRING AIM...
WOW!
OOP! MISSED!
...TAKE 'ER AROUND AGAIN!
BROOM
POK
BRO-RUMP
2

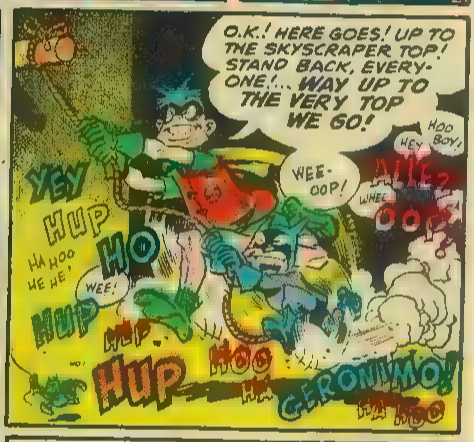
MISSED AGAIN!
ZOOM

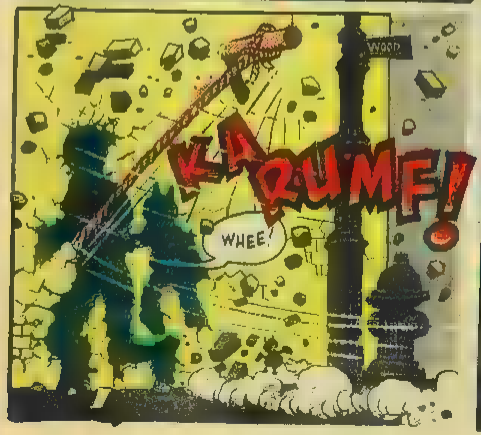
MISSED!
ZIP

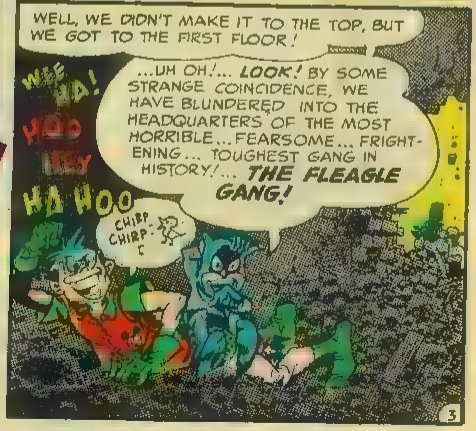
MISSED!
SWISH


MISSED!
VOOM

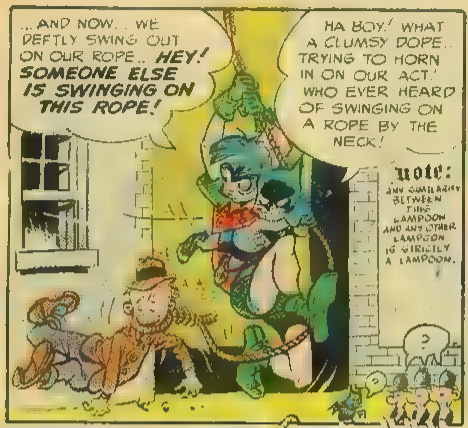

... DEFTLY, I CLAMBER UP THE WALL TO THE POST AND I DEFTLY PLACE THE LOOP OVER THE POST AND PULL IT TIGHT WITH A DEFT JERK!
...O.K., YOU DEFT JERK, LET'S GO INTO OUR ROUTINE! ...WE GOTTA SWING UP TO THE SKY-SCRAPER TOP!
HUP!
HEP
WHEE
HIP
HE!
HEY!
LE'S GO!
HOO!
HUP!

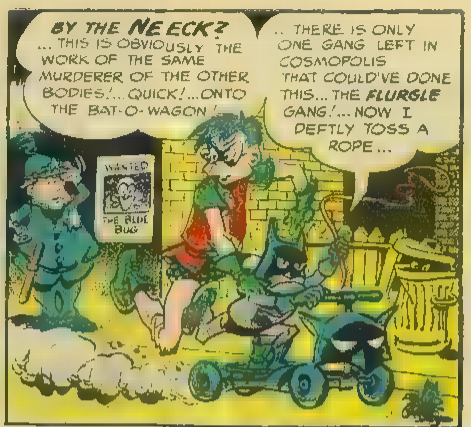

O.K.! HERE GOES! UP TO THE SKYSCRAPER TOP! STAND BACK, EVERY-ONE!... WAY UP TO THE VERY TOP WE GO!
HOO BOY!
HEY
WEE-OOP!
WHEE
YEY
HUP
HA HOO HE HE!
WEE!
HUP
HUP
HUP
HOO
GERONIMO!


WOOD
KA RUMF!
WHEE!

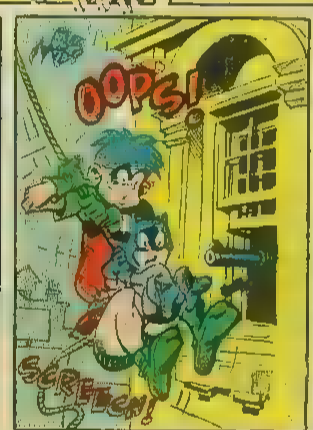

WELL, WE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE TOP, BUT WE GOT TO THE FIRST FLOOR!
...UH OH!... LOOK! BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE, WE HAVE BLUNDERED INTO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOST HORRIBLE... FEARSOME... FRIGHTENING... TOUGHEST GANG IN HISTORY!... THE FLEAGLE GANG!
WEE HA!
HOO
HEY
HA HOO
CHIRP CHIRP

THE F-FLEAGLE G-GANG! ...MOST TOUGHEST G-GANG OF D-DEAD-END KIDS IN CO-CO-CO-COSMOPOLIS!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, BAT BOY, SHOULD WE TAKE 'EM ON?
NOTE- EI- AY- EM- POOH LAMPOON!
OF COURSE NOT. YOU STUPID FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED?
BUT BAT BOY, BO'!.. THEY'RE PULLING THEIR ZIP-GUNS!... HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME KIND OF LI'L OL' TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS IN YOUR BELT TO STOP 'EM?
O.K.! HERE GOES TINY VIAL NUMBER 1!.. A SECRET GAS THAT RIDS THE BODY OF OFFENDING ODORS AND... OOP! WAIT A MINUTE!.. THIS IS MY 'ARRID' SPRAY DEODORANT!
THEY'RE STILL COMING! ...O.K.! HERE GOES TINY VIAL NUMBER 2! A SECRET GAS THAT MAKES CROOKS THINK THEY'RE COPS, AND THEY PUT THEMSELVES IN JAIL!
FOOSH
THEY'RE STILL COMING! ... O.K.! HERE GOES TINY VIAL NUMBER 3! ...IT FIRES A SECRET 9 INCH SELF-PROPELLED ARTILLERY SHELL!
BOOM
THEY'RE STILL COMING! ...BOY! IS THAT GANG TOUGH!... NOW I TRY THE SECRETEST VIAL OF ALL WITH A SECRET WEAPON THAT IS BOUND TO STOP THE FLEAGLE GANG...
...TINY FOLDED HAIR BRUSHES THAT, WHEN UNFOLDED, ARE FULL SIZE AND YOU CAN GIVE A GOOD WALLOP WITH! IF THESE KIDS WEREN'T DEAD-END KIDS BEFORE... THEY'LL BE DEAD-END KIDS NOW!... BOY! WILL THEIR ENDS BE DEAD!
to Lampoon is human, to forgive divine
OW
OW!
WHAA
THE FLEAGLE GANG IS FINISHED! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS IN COSMOPOLIS! NOW! ONTO THE WINDOW-SILL! FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET, KAPWEENG! UP... UP... UP AND AWAY!
WAIT A MINUTE, BAT BOY! THAT 'FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET' IS ANOTHER CHARACTER'S ROUTINE!... IT MAY BE COPYRIGHTED! WANT TO GET US SUED?
4

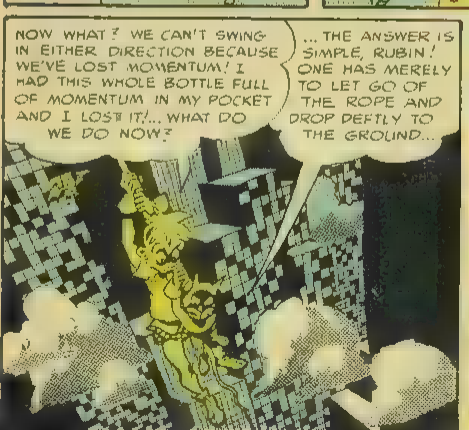

...AND NOW... WE DEFTLY SWING OUT ON OUR ROPE.. HEY! SOMEONE ELSE IS SWINGING ON THIS ROPE!
HA BOY! WHAT A CLUMSY DOPE.. TRYING TO HORN IN ON OUR ACT! WHO EVER HEARD OF SWINGING ON A ROPE BY THE NECK!
note: ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS LAMPOON AND ANY OTHER LAMPOON IS STRICTLY A LAMPOON.

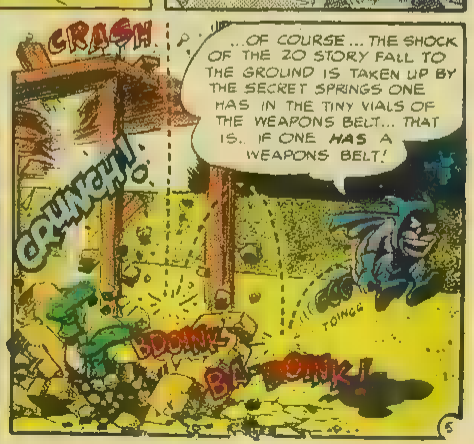

BY THE NEECK? ... THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE WORK OF THE SAME MURDERER OF THE OTHER BODIES!... QUICK!...ONTO THE BAT-O-WAGON!
WANTED THE BLUE BUG
.. THERE IS ONLY ONE GANG LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS THAT COULD'VE DONE THIS... THE FLURGLE GANG!... NOW I DEFTLY TOSS A ROPE...

...HERE WE GO DOWN TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE FLURGLE GANG...
HUP
WHEE!
ALLEZ OOP!
HEY-UP!
LE'S GO!
HOOPLA!
HOO HEY HA

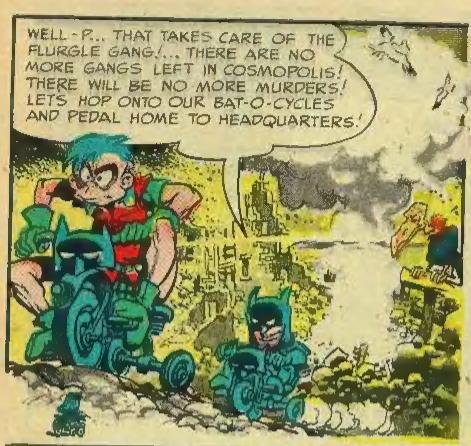

OOPS!
SCREECH!

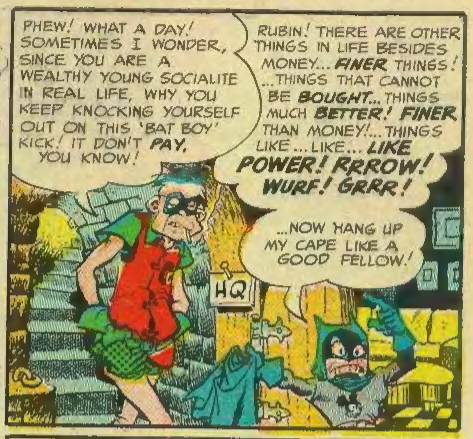
HUP!
HO!
HEP!
LE'S GO!
HUP
HUP!
HEY UP!

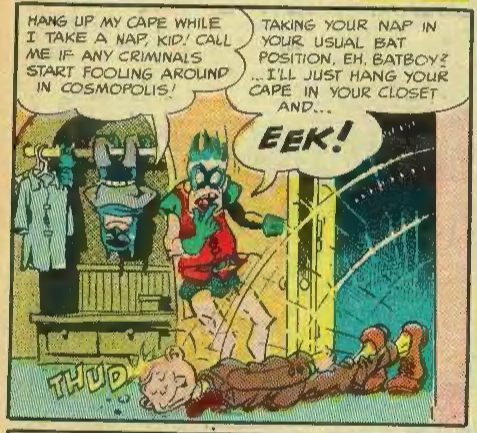

NOW WHAT? WE CAN'T SWING IN EITHER DIRECTION BECAUSE WE'VE LOST MOMENTUM! I HAD THIS WHOLE BOTTLE FULL OF MOMENTUM IN MY POCKET AND I LOST IT!... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
... THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE, RUBIN! ONE HAS MERELY TO LET GO OF THE ROPE AND DROP DEFTLY TO THE GROUND...

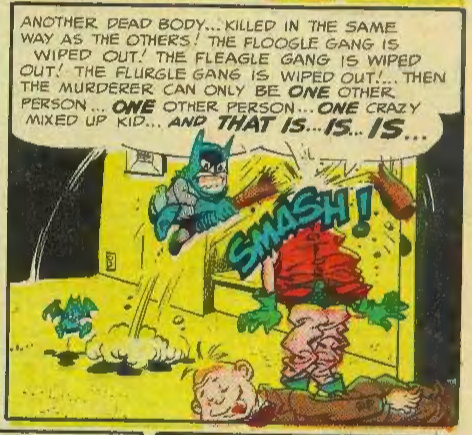

CRASH
CRUNCH!
BOOM!
BA-OOMK!
TOINGG
...OF COURSE... THE SHOCK OF THE 20 STORY FALL TO THE GROUND IS TAKEN UP BY THE SECRET SPRINGS ONE HAS IN THE TINY VIALS OF THE WEAPONS BELT... THAT IS.. IF ONE HAS A WEAPONS BELT!

COME ON, RUBIN! THERE'S THE FLURGLE GANG! CHARGE!
LOOK, GANG-MEMBERS! HERE COMES BAT BOY AND RUBIN! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!
BOOM
PAF
BLAM
MISSED!
POW
MISSED!
EKRT
KA
POW
MISSED!
MISSED! MISSED! MISSED!
POOR FOOLS! DON'T YOU KNOW US COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS ARE ALWAYS MISSED WHEN WE RUN AT THE GUNS?
MISSED!
BAM
BOM
POW
BANG
PRRRT
POF
LOOK! THE FLURGLE GANG IS MADE UP OF WOMEN!... QUICK LEMME AT MY GAS VIALS!
GAS VIALS! YOU WOULDN'T USE GAS VIALS ON WOMEN WOULD YOU, BAT BOY?
HANDS OFF, YOU DUMKOPF... I'M LOOKING FOR MY SECRET VIAL OF 'ARRID' SPRAY DEODORANT!
PUT AWAY YOUR VIALS, YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR MECHANICAL DEVICES! THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!... MAINLY WRASSLING!
RIGHT!
CRUNCH
EEK
HOO HA!
CRACKLE
THUD
POF!
RIP!
thud!
OW
LET GO!
A-PWEEN!
ZOW
THUD!
BASH
EEK
SCHMEK!
OH!
TAKE OUT YOUR VIALS, YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR MECHANICAL DEVICES! THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR FOUL BLOWS, DIRTY FIGHTING, ATROCITIES! THIS MEANS WOAH!
NOTE: NOT A SPITTOON NOT A CARTOON NOT A HARPOON BUT A LAMPOON!
...LET 'EM HAVE IT, BAT BOY!
6


WELL-?... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FLURGLE GANG!... THERE ARE NO MORE GANGS LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS! LETS HOP ONTO OUR BAT-O-CYCLES AND PEDAL HOME TO HEADQUARTERS!


PHEW! WHAT A DAY! SOMETIMES I WONDER, SINCE YOU ARE A WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE IN REAL LIFE, WHY YOU KEEP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT ON THIS 'BAT BOY' KICK! IT DON'T PAY, YOU KNOW!
RUBIN! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE BESIDES MONEY... FINER THINGS! ...THINGS THAT CANNOT BE BOUGHT... THINGS MUCH BETTER! FINER THAN MONEY!... THINGS LIKE ...LIKE... LIKE POWER! RRROW! WURF! GRRR!
...NOW HANG UP MY CAPE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!
HQ


HANG UP MY CAPE WHILE I TAKE A NAP, KID! CALL ME IF ANY CRIMINALS START FOOLING AROUND IN COSMOPOLIS!
TAKING YOUR NAP IN YOUR USUAL BAT POSITION, EH, BATBOY? ...I'LL JUST HANG YOUR CAPE IN YOUR CLOSET AND...
EEK!
THUD


ANOTHER DEAD BODY... KILLED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS! THE FLOOGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLEAGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLURGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT!... THEN THE MURDERER CAN ONLY BE ONE OTHER PERSON... ONE OTHER PERSON... ONE CRAZY MIXED UP KID... AND THAT IS... IS.. IS...
SMASH!

YES, RUBIN! THE VICTIM IS KILLED IN THE SAME WAY!... TWO TINY HOLES ON THE VICTIM'S BODY... TWO TINY HOLES IN THE VEIN OF THE VICTIM'S BIG TOE...
PFU!
UGH
GAG!

...TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY THE MURDERER... TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY ME WITH MY CONDUCTOR'S PUNCHER... FOR YOU SEE, RUBIN, I AM NO FURSHLUGGINER... ORDINARY BATBOY!...
PUNCH!
PUNCH!
STRAWF

I... AM A VAMPIRE BATBOY!
SLOORP

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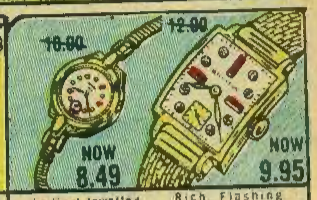

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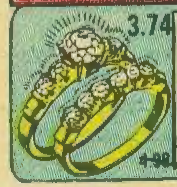

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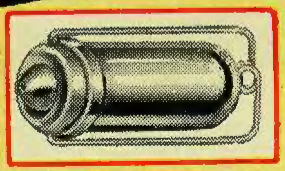

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